Environmental Showdown *The Editors*

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A Journal of Politics and the Arts – April 13, 1974, 50 cents

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THE KENYA PLATE is Bavarian lead crystal, mouth-blown and hand-engraved, 11¼" in diameter. The animals depicted are: sable antelope, African elephant, giraffe, African buffalo, black rhinoceros, African lion. Limited to 2500 of which 100 will be produced each month.

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Gentlemen: I wish to purchase The Kenya Plate. It will be serially numbered in the crystal and my plate will be the lowest number of those remaining on the date my order is received. It will be sent to me with a Warrant of Authenticity.

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THE KENYA PLATE

A salute to those noble beasts that have survived and a tribute to all people dedicated to saving endangered species and wildlife habitat throughout the world.

Like the noble beasts themselves, the art of glassmaking has not changed noticeably since the blowing iron was invented in Babylon 2000 years ago. Potash, sand and lime are heated until molten, then gathered and blown, and worked into a finished form. Some 300 years ago, in England, it was discovered that the addition of lead oxide yielded a very clear and brilliant glass that could be engraved with a copper wheel. It was called crystal, and from it emerged a new art form.

A handful of skilled artisans work as a team, each member carrying out his traditional assignment using tools and methods unchanged in centuries. And although the rest of the team may perform to perfection, one slip at the engraver's wheel dooms an otherwise flawless piece to the melting pot.

The process is so demanding that perfection is rarely attained. While several thousand plates of fine lead crystal may be attempted, only 2500 will meet the standard of perfection deemed necessary to qualify for a serial number in The Kenya Plate edition.

The first two plates have been presented to H.R.H. Prince of the Netherlands and Jomo Kenyatta, President of Kenya. The last is reserved for the permanent archives of the World Wildlife Fund. Orders for the remaining 2,497 will be filled sequentially as received. Because the exacting hand production is limited to 100 plates per month, only one plate will be permitted each individual subscriber.

The Struggle To Survive

The survival of animals, birds, and their supporting habitat is no longer a fair contest with the traditional forces of nature. "Few literate people can be unaware today of the galloping destruction, degradation, and pollution of the natural environment which are proceeding apace all around us." This view of Prince Bernhard, who is also President of the World Wildlife Fund, is shared by the entire organization and, as a result, it is imbued with a sense of quiet urgency.

Time is running out.

Survival is becoming more and more the hard-won result of prompt, deliberate action—even in the lush vastness of Kenya, home of many of the great and noble beasts of Africa. There, the World Wildlife Fund is supporting the country's own conservation efforts within the Nairobi National Park, Motomo Plant Sanctuary, Lake Nakuru, the Baharini Sanctuary, and marine parks on Kenya's coast.

Gone Forever

In the United States alone there are currently 97 species the Congressional Record lists as "endangered," while 47 others are entirely extinct. Among them are:

Plains wolf	Labrador duck
Sea mink	Great auk
Eastern cougar	Passenger pigeon
Badlands bighorn	Carolina parakeet
Eastern elk	San Gorgonio trout

Kenya As An Example

Kenya is but one of 80 countries in which the World Wildlife Fund is making significant headway against life-destroying forces. In its 12 years of existence, the Fund has channeled $9 million into 762 key conservation projects. Among them are the international program for conservation of marine turtles through the safeguarding of breeding beaches; protection and habitat management for the Javan rhinoceros; the rescue of the endangered Arabian oryx; strong action to reduce pressure on the tiger, leopard, cheetah and other spotted cats threatened with extinction by fashion trends.

The Web Of Life

If the world becomes unsuitable for animals, mankind may follow them into extinction. Such is the texture of life on our blue planet. Every living thing depends on every other living thing. The problem of conservation of wildlife frequently becomes a question of saving their habitat. *Our* habitat.

Thus, the World Wildlife Fund has helped establish the Guadiamar and the Coto Donana reserves in Southern Spain, which offer some of the finest spectacles of wild nature in Europe; the Marchauen/Marchegg Reserve in Austria with the only remnants of gallery forest in western Europe; sanctuaries in Pakistan, Jordan, Australia, Peru, Tanganyika; and the New Jersey wetlands in the United States, breeding and feeding grounds for fish, shellfish, land and shore birds.

An Investment In One's Self

When you purchase the magnificent Kenya Plate, you automatically become an Associate of the World Wildlife Fund, a non-profit, tax-exempt organization. A cash contribution to the Fund will be made in your name, and your name will be inscribed in a special bound volume, to be placed in the permanent archives of the World Wildlife Fund. You will receive semi-annual progress reports on how contributions are being spent and what the results are. Please note: there are no frills to the World Wildlife Fund. You will not receive expensive magazines or elaborate publications. Instead, your contribution goes into priority action programs "to re-establish an unbroken link with nature and with life." *Your* life.

The price of The Kenya Plate is $250. Of course, if you are not entirely satisfied with your purchase, you may return it within 30 days for a full and unquestioned refund.

Prospect Of Appreciation

While the purpose in creating The Kenya Plate as an art object is to pay tribute to the extraordinary work and results of the World Wildlife Fund, there are those who will recognize it as an investment as well. There is, of course, no guarantee of appreciation, but it is interesting to note that certain other limited editions of true artistic merit have substantially increased in value in a short time. A Gunther Granget edition of porcelain "Dolphins" closed in 1970 at $750 each. The current price is $2,000. Boehm's "The Tern," first issued in 1968 for $1,400, is now quoted at $6,000. And the famous Dorothy Doughty "Bobtail Quails" brought out in 1940 at $275 the pair, recently brought $22,000 at auction.

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TRB

from Washington
April 13, 1974

Hell to Pay

Suppose the Senate votes to oust President Nixon next September—66 "yes" to 34 "no," or one vote short of the constitutional two-thirds of those voting. There will be hell to pay.

Developments in Washington, we think, are heading straight for a majority House vote for impeachment, and that means a Senate trial. Suppose on the fatal day there is a Senate majority against the President (which we think likely), but not a two-thirds majority. If Mr. Nixon can get one-third-plus-one on his side he can stay in office. He seems currently playing "one-third-plus-one politics" by aggrandizing his support among conservatives and the South.

So what would happen? The only precedent is Andrew Johnson. On February 24, 1868, the House impeached Johnson, 128-47. The Senate trial started March 30, lasted 57 days to May 16 (including a 10-day recess) when the Senate voted against him 35-19, or exactly one vote short of conviction. He was "acquitted"—and ruined. He lingered in office 11 months.

The difference today is this: If a majority votes against Mr. Nixon (which is becoming at least likely enough to deserve serious consideration) and if it is less than two-thirds, Mr. Nixon can continue in office too, only in his case it will be from, say, September for over two years (27 months and some days) to noon, Thursday, January 20, 1977. For that length of time America will have a disgraced President unable to govern.

It would be a disaster. The perception of the possibility is just beginning to seep into the nation's awareness and the alarm is inevitable and mounting. Indeed the thought of it should mute some of the gloating of Nixon-haters. The possibility helps to account for the mood Washington currently is in which is expressed in the sour phrase, "Things are going to get a lot worse, before they get worse."

There is another side to it, however. If America can be forced for two years to look squarely at the possibility of reforming our government so as to prevent the present fix from happening again it will not be a time wholly lost. You can bet that in two years with a President who has been condemned by both houses of Congress, as happened once before in history, there would be the greatest proliferation of proposals to change the Constitution since that majestic instrument was first set afloat.

We have a lot of confidence in America, even in a bind like this, and a good number of wise people share it. The London *Economist* the other day observed: "The Watergate experience, in a curious way, is an example of this American adaptability. This is not only the story of a devious President caught up in the consequences of his past actions. For those who are interested in the quality of a society, rather than the tragedy of an individual, it is also the story of a country in which people do not hesitate to challenge the chief power in the land, and may yet bring him down."

A nice compliment and, we think, a true one.

It is still possible to learn something from that long ago Johnson impeachment, and the Rodino committee is studying it all the time. To simplify things it comes down primarily to contrasting three sets of men. For example there is the contrast between the flamboyant 1868 demagogue Rep. Ben Butler of Massachusetts, who stage-managed the Johnson show, and the low-keyed, quiet-voiced Rep. Peter Rodino of Newark of 1974. They set the mood and the tone exactly.

The 1868 mood was savage and Butler fitted right into it. Johnson was a drunk, he charged, though he did not go so far as some asserting he was an accomplice in Lincoln's assassination. Butler was a political general who became a hero in the mill towns of the North by threatening to treat women of occupied New Orleans as prostitutes if they sneered at blue-coats. He was short, bald, big-paunched and ugly as sin with a cast in one eye, and the South called him "Beast Butler." Lord Palmerston rebuked him in Parliament to cheers, and the French government wouldn't let his name appear in newspapers. While occupying New Orleans he had incidents with the consuls of England, Prussia, Spain, Russia, Greece, France and Holland, and Lincoln ultimately relieved him. Just the man, the Radical Republicans in the House felt, to lead their "managers" in the Senate trial. (He was the one, incidentally, who waved the "bloody shirt" of an ejected carpetbagger in Congress.) He was an actor and a clown.

Rodino, of course, is just the opposite. So far at any rate he has kept his head. There is not the poisonous hysteria today: the Senate set up the Ervin committee 70-0; the House voted authority to Rodino's committee 410-4. There is a good deal of bipartisanship and responsibility. In 1868 they were rarin' to impeach; today Congress has backed into the thing reluctantly, driven on as much as anything by the nightmarish quality of the White House defense and countertactics.

So much for that contrast, Butler and Rodino. Now here is another: If a President is chucked out who gets his place? We know the alternative now, it is Jerry Ford, a likeable mediocrity with an archconservative voting record, who is also decent and honorable. The Jerry Ford of last century was the president *pro tem* of the Senate, "bluff" Ben Wade of Ohio (there wasn't any Vice President), who had the gall to sit in the trial and vote for impeachment with ill-disguised eagerness knowing that if his side won he would succeed Johnson. He's the one man who came within one vote of being President! He favored high tariffs, easy money and a vindictive policy to the South and he appalled some men enough so that they preferred to keep Andy for a short time longer.

The final contrast, of course, is between the two principals, Johnson and Nixon. Congress charged Johnson with usurpation but the real issue, of course, was how to treat the conquered South. The problem is less agonizing, perhaps, today but more ramified. There is a sleazy quality about the Nixon tax returns; an incredulity about the Watergate cover-up; a humiliation over the campaign contribution lies. Deeper, perhaps, is the genuine alarm—not hysterical but bona fide—over the imperial presidency. They tried to forestall one-man rule in Philadelphia in 1787. Now it's our turn.

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Environmental Showdown

The struggle to prevent destruction of the environment grows more bitter every day. Environmentalists and energy businessmen have begun to see one another in a new, harsh light, and positions are hardening. The latest indication of the shift in mood comes from the Ford Foundation, whose Energy Policy Project released a preliminary report on March 31 that attempts to sort out some of the problems created by the energy shortage and to suggest solutions. Drawing information from a flood of recent studies on fuel and the environment, the report sketches three possible energy futures for the United States, each with its own consequences. Speaking in the broadest terms the authors say the nation must make a general decision 1) to continue on its present course without restraint and pursue "historical growth" in energy use, 2) to begin a "technical fix" campaign to conserve energy without slowing economic growth or 3) to achieve "zero energy growth" by the year 2000, which would require drastic changes in our way of thinking and doing business. As an interim report, it refuses to state a preference for one of the alternatives, leaving that to the next volume, but it does lean perceptibly in favor of saving energy because that would leave open more options for the future.

An uncontroversial report, one might guess, but the guess would be wrong. Some of the project's advisory board members are angry that reduction of demand was even *considered* as an alternative. Donald Burnham, chairman of the Westinghouse Corporation, denounced the moderate "technical fix" scenario because it "seriously underestimates the magnitude of future energy demand required to maintain a healthy economic situation in the United States." J. Harris Ward, director of the Commonwealth Edison Company, wrote that "A proposal to defer nuclear development in this country is dangerous to the national security . . . a nation which hesitates to keep up technologically today must make double or triple the effort to catch up tomorrow . . . social activists and a small minority of scientists, representing what they consider to be the public interest, have succeeded in extending the construction time of most recent nuclear units." The fullest and most thoughtful comments came from William Tavoulareas, president of the Mobil Oil Corporation. But he, too, attacked the report for understating the energy needs of the future, and he sharply criticized it for suggesting the government might do

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well to control consumption. He found something deeply un-American in this: "If automobiles, airplanes and single-family housing are to be restricted by the government, we will ultimately be allocating these "luxuries' across the population on some basis that is not made clear." He added, "Even when wastage is taken out of the system, the average consumer in this growing economy will continue to need more energy tomorrow than he does today." Tavoulareas' number-one priority for getting us out of the energy bind: "eliminate government controls which interfere with the development of additional supplies."

Obviously industry feels threatened by the environmental movement, for the essence of conservation is to *use less* and that is anathema to growth-minded industrialists. To some of them nothing less than national security is in danger. Take for instance Ward's suggestion that nuclear plants have been blocked by a small band of extremists who, wittingly or not, have begun to weaken the US as a world power.

The environmental movement had better be ready for such accusations, for they may be used with powerful effect. A prominent environmentalist congressman, Morris Udall (D, Ariz.), last week warned in a speech he delivered to the National Wildlife Federation that "The nation faces now as never before an agenda of environmental decisions whose historic importance will rank with the American Revolution itself. I suppose you could say we are hunkering down at the environmental Valley Forge . . . The questions are really much larger than those with which we have traditionally dealt. The issue is not merely whether we will have animal life for the next generation to enjoy, but whether we will have human life."

Udall's urgent concern derives from the fact that conservation is losing clout and losing out; environmental lawsuits are failing in the courts: "the country is not moving steadily toward enlightened new policies, but rather to a reassertion—a disastrous one—of the old discredited natural resource policies of a different age."

A recent report in these pages examined environmental setbacks up to the first week in March. Since then,new losses have proliferated. The National Environmental Protection Act (NEPA) and the Clean Air Act, two fundamentals of environmental protection, were reviewed by the White House earlier this year and amendments are being considered that would severely limit the government's enforcement powers. Congress had already threatened some cancellations and delays of environmental programs, but the White House went further this March, suggesting longer delays in clean air standards and amendments that would have made penalties for noncompliance dependent not only on questions of public health, but economics as well. The proposal has apparently been stopped by Russell Train, director of the Environmental Protection Agency, who let the White House know that he would quit before endorsing its plan. Because of Train's stubbornness, congressmen must now choose between amendments the EPA supports and those of the White House.

An environmental proposal now making its way through Congress suffered a setback last month when the administration suddenly turned against it—the land-use bill, passed by the Senate, sponsored in the House by Rep. Udall and until recently blessed by the President. The proposal is intended to spur states to devise land-use policies and promote orderly growth within their borders. Throughout proceedings on the bill a contingent of critics called it a "federal zoning" plan and tried to stop it from reaching the House floor. Udall concludes that the President's sudden switch from a supporter to an opponent was an attempt to buy friends among this conservative group for the impending vote on his impeachment. The bill is stranded in the Rules Committee, but Udall is working to get it out by May. Recently the administration encouraged attacks on a bill to regulate strip mining and sponsored another to speed up licensing of nuclear plants.

The President and the energy corporations are urging us not to fret for the environment, a cause of the past, but to hurry on to a new era of exploitation and consumption. They do not stress the point, but the new age unavoidably will bring new dangers of pollution. Companies are rushing in all directions into the unknown. The President's new speeded-up leasing program provides an example. It's well known that offshore drillings, if carelessly or cheaply done, cause oil spills that kill seabirds, foul beaches and in shallow water wipe out beds of shellfish. Scientists are still researching the long-term biological damage done to the ocean, with oil-financed researchers saying it is slight, and environmentalists saying it is grave. Nevertheless the President this year authorized a tenfold increase by 1975 in the leasing of offshore drilling tracts. That means a jump from about one million acres leased in 1973 to 10 million in 1975. Oil companies will barely have time to research the tracts for bidding. Similar problems are turning up with plans to exploit oil shale: because it has never been produced commercially no one knows what environmental hazards it may bring. Even the familiar forms of pollution hold undetermined potential dangers. Scientists haven't yet measured the toxicity of nitrous oxide emissions from cars, nor of sulfate emissions. Like the "trace elements" (mercury, arsenic, lead, antimony, etc.) that escape from certain fuels in combustion, sulfate particles are too small to be scrubbed out of smoke with present technology. Coal gasification and liquefaction will pose other problems, including an enormous demand for water in the West where it is already scarce. The most frequently suggested solution to the energy shortage—nuclear power—has been knocked off schedule by persistent problems in meeting engineering and safety standards. In March a plant in Vermont closed down for the 17th time in 19 months for an

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emergency check-up.

Environmentalists have a problem today because people think they worry more about esthetics than health and safety. In his speech last week Rep. Udall blamed the deteriorating situation only partly on Mr. Nixon's weak leadership and his desire for an expedient end to the fuel shortage. Udall criticized environmentalists too. He said they still present a negative image as project blockers rather than initiators. They suffer from elitism: "We failed during the heady years of the sixties to make friends and forge alliances with groups that might largely be with us now: blue-collar America, enlightened industry, the minorities who inhabit our rundown cities. But in those days environmentalists were not in a mood to compromise . . . and we predictably find few friends around to sustain us during the dark days of the energy crisis." He said the hope for survival lies in compromise, sacrifice and—most obnoxious to lovers of clean air—political organization. What he has in mind is a national coalition using all the tools that other groups use—conventions, delegates and policy platforms. Dull though it sounds, it would allow environmentalists to break free of their image as sideline hecklers and bring attention to their own proposals for solving the shortage. "In my opinion," Udall warned, "the conservation movement must do [this] or perish as an effective agent of political change in this country."

Frances Knight Rides Again

For the average American the State Department is a branch of government often heard of but seldom experienced directly. You do brush up against it, however, when you travel abroad because a US passport is required by American law and by international custom, and the Passport Office of the State Department decides if you qualify to receive a passport document and when to issue it. Once you've left the United States, you may need advice or, occasionally, more serious help from an American embassy or consulate, and that, too, is a service offered, usually free of charge, by the Department of State. Or if you try to bring a relative or employee into the United States to live here permanently or even for a short visit, he or she will have to deal with an American vice consul abroad, and possibly with the Washington-based Visa Office of the State Department.

These service functions are usually viewed by the professional diplomats as petty annoyances that do not deserve the time or energy of those engaged in the serious business of international negotiation. As a result Secretaries of State since at least the mid-'50s have assigned the supervision of State's passport, visa and consular functions to a single small office, headed by someone given the honorific rank of Assistant Secretary of State, and have hoped that the office would never be heard from again.

Ticklish problems do keep cropping up, however, and they take on great public importance. In the '50s the Passport Office was refusing to issue travel documents to persons it believed to be members of the Communist party, and in the '60s it retaliated against individuals who had traveled without permission to Cuba and North Vietnam by invalidating their passports and seeking to have them criminally prosecuted. Great controversies intermittently swirl around visa applications made by notorious foreigners who, because of their political affiliations or some distant foible, are technically ineligible to enter the US for as much as one day. Young Americans keep being picked up and charged with criminal offenses in faraway places, where punishment so far exceeds the crime that the news reports arriving here are met with total disbelief. The responsibility for directing policy in each of these areas rests with the administrator of the State Department's Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs—an office that no longer has anything to do with security, but that oversees the consular (as opposed to diplomatic) arm of the foreign service.

With the utter gracelessness characteristic of the Nixon administration, the White House, on the morning of Friday, March 22, suddenly dismissed Barbara M. Watson, probably the highest-ranking black woman in the executive branch, from her post as administrator, which she had held since early 1968, and announced that her replacement would be a lawyer from Buffalo, New York, who was described in one newspaper as a "GOP activist." Watson's race and sex are enough to make her unceremonious dumping a subject of public concern. The fact that neither she nor either of New York's senators was notified of this action in advance has already spurred Sen. Javits to announce that he will hold up the nomination of Watson's successor until he gets a satisfactory explanation of why the White House acted as it did.

But more is involved here than bad manners. Sig-

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nificant substantive issues are at stake. Since she was appointed by Lyndon Johnson in 1967, Barbara Watson has, with gentle persuasion and occasional light arm-twisting, brought enlightenment to the administration of the passport rules and to the State Department's approach to visa matters. Her Democratic predecessors became embroiled, both deliberately and unwittingly, in public controversies with Frances Knight, the iron-willed director of the Passport Office, who has seen herself as protector of the national security, and not merely as a dispenser of services to the American public. Watson shied away from exchanges in the press, but managed to get things done. Knight had insisted, for example, that only Passport Office employees or court clerks could qualify to accept passport applications on the ground that only they could detect fraud. This resulted in long lines at passport offices each spring and in substantial inconvenience to American travelers. At Watson's insistence, and over Knight's vigorous objection, hundreds of post offices were opened to accept passport applications, and the incidence of fraud has not increased.

Similarly Frances Knight has zealously guarded her one remaining security function—the directive in the passport that it is "not valid" for travel to countries such as Cuba or North Vietnam. The courts long ago removed all teeth from this stricture, and anyone who violates it by traveling to restricted areas is not in danger of official retaliation. Barbara Watson was making substantial headway in having the legend removed altogether, but that project probably ended with her firing.

The immigration laws permit the State and Justice Departments to allow into the United States any foreign visitors, even if they are technically ineligible to come, and in the last five years the State Department has liberally and sensibly applied its power to recommend waivers of ineligibility. In the celebrated case of Ernest Mandel, the Belgian Marxist who was invited in 1969 to speak at Stanford University (and subsequently at Princeton, Amherst, Columbia and Vassar), Barbara Watson's view for the State Department was that he should be allowed to come to the United States. John Mitchell's Justice Department refused to agree, however, and the case went all the way to the Supreme Court, where the refusal was upheld. In many other less notorious cases the level-headed attitude that the State Department's visa office has adopted under Watson was, in the informal bargaining process that often accompanies consideration of such applications, a substantial influence on the more hard-line Immigration Service officers at the Justice Department.

In sum Barbara Watson's forced departure, which will doubtless be heralded by Frances Knight as another personal triumph over those who have been placed above her in the State Department hierarchy, is a serious blow to the rationality recently brought to passport and visa matters. No motive for the White House action is immediately apparent other than the President's need to appease those on the right—who make up all of Knight's supporters on Capitol Hill. Richard Nixon cannot afford another defection like that of Sen. Buckley, and his advisers probably feel that the temporary fuss caused by the dismissal of a black woman is worth the support won by a shift to the right on passports and visas.

Kent State Indictments

Almost four years after the sudden hailstorm of rifle fire that killed four students at Kent State University, the federal government has filed criminal charges against eight former national guardsmen who, according to the indictments, fired their weapons on that violent day in May. If the White House and Mr. Nixon's old Justice Department had had their way, the case would have been buried long ago. But the political judgments made in 1971 and 1972 by John Mitchell and Leonard Garment finally crumbled before the persistent pounding of the victims' parents, who refused to accept as inevitable that those responsible for shootings that a presidential commission had termed "unnecessary, unwarranted and inexcusable" would not even face trial. An unrelenting stream of public denunciations, lawsuits, petitions and congressional inquiries finally resulted in a reopened investigation and in the presentation of evidence to a grand jury beginning last December.

The indictments substantially vindicated these efforts, but the parents aren't satisfied to leave the matter there. They are pressing for a House Judiciary Committee investigation of the reasons for the Justice Department's previous reluctance to prosecute. In view of the charges that were finally made, the mystery deepens and the desirability of an investigation grows. As noted some time ago in these pages by Nathan Lewin (*TNR*, August 18 & 25, 1973), it has long been the Justice Department's policy to prosecute under Section 242 of the Criminal Code any local law enforcement official who deliberately uses excessive force against individuals subject to his authority. The guardsmen who shot at students on May 4, 1970 plainly came within that category, and the FBI knew shortly after the incident whose rifles had been fired, and even which of the weapons had inflicted the fatal injuries. Although the grand jury heard testimony for 39 days, interrogating 173 witnesses, its charges do not appear to have been based on new evidence unearthed during this time. There is no allegation of a conspiracy, and no one has been accused other than the guardsmen in the firing squad.

The view now taken by the Justice Department appears to be that the individual guardsmen acted crimi-

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nally in firing their weapons. On that long overdue realization, it is now time to reopen the investigation concerning the shootings at Jackson State and the police-Black Panther shoot-out in Chicago that resulted in the deaths of Fred Hampton and Mark Clark. In each of those instances federal grand juries were impaneled to hear evidence of equally unwarranted and inexcusable deadly force, but Mr. Mitchell's Department of Justice refused to seek indictments.

AWACS: The Plane That Would Not Die

Years from now when officers sit around the fires of 1000 flickering electron tubes, generals will tell the story of the plane that would not die. AWACS is its name, and, like a good soldier, it will do whatever the military orders it to do. The Airborne Warning and Control System was originally designed with a "look down, shoot down capability" to protect our shores against low-flying Soviet bombers. The Russians, alas, let their strategic bomber fleet deteriorate to 140 overaged aircraft and show no signs of replacing them. Although the Pentagon has been rumbling ominously for the past three years about a new Soviet bomber, the Backfire, it is now conceded to be medium-range and a greater threat to China than to the United States. Moreover the 1972 treaty limiting ballistic-missile defense to two sites guaranteed there would be no defense against missiles. Does it make any sense for AWACS to defend the country against 100 Soviet bombers when we are vulnerable to several thousand Soviet missiles?

That question was pressed hard by Sen. Thomas Eagleton (D, Mo.), and last August he won a victory of sorts. Secretary of Defense Schlesinger conceded the futility of AWACS' primary mission of bomber defense, but rather than send the project back to the drawing board he simply changed the plane's mission. Instead of strategic defense, AWACS will direct tactical offensive strikes. It is envisioned as a flying command post that will control aircraft on conventional or nuclear missions against enemy targets. Such airborne operations centers are nothing new. They were used extensively in Southeast Asia, but the aircraft were usually standard transports, such as C-130s, which had been crammed full of the requisite electronics gear. The justification for AWACS, then, hinges on the "necessity" for a more sophisticated system in Europe.

The air force claims that AWACS is being built on a "fly before you buy" basis, but the facts argue otherwise. The original strategic defense mission was considerably less demanding than the new primary mission of tactical offense in Europe. Flying over the United States, the fleet of 34 AWACS aircraft might have been a match for 100 or so Soviet bombers. There would have been internal lines of communication, thousands of airfields to support the planes, ground radar assistance and only the limited electronic jamming equipment on Soviet bombers. In Europe AWACS will have no such advantages. Allied airfields will all be within range of Soviet missiles and aircraft, and the subsonic AWACS will probably be forced to operate out of US bases. This would require mid-air refueling and an airborne armada to protect it from Soviet fighters such as the trisonic Foxbat. The most critical problem, however, is AWACS' radar. One expert told the General Accounting Office that the radar could be jammed by powerful ground stations from as far away as 200 miles. Without radar, AWACS would be blind and incapable of directing the strike aircraft under its control.

In recent closed-door testimony before the Senate Armed Services subcommittee on tactical air power, GAO witnesses suggested that Congress defer the $550 million requested for AWACS production in 1975 but continue funds for research and development ($220 million). The air force opposes GAO's suggestion. Although flight tests with some of the plane's subsystems will begin next year, the actual operational test and evaluation of AWACS equipped for its European mission would not begin until June 1977 and would continue through 1978. If Congress goes along with the air force production schedule, however, the last of the aircraft will be completed in June 1978. In other words all the planes will have been bought and paid for *before* tests have shown whether or not AWACS can perform its primary mission. This is not "fly before you buy"; it is "pay before you go."

AWACS had been sold to Congress as a strategic weapons system, but this year it was moved into the tactical forces category with a fivefold increase in funds. Such rapid and heavy spending might be warranted if there were a need for AWACS, but the low priority accorded its tactical European mission until last summer belies any present claims of urgency. Why, then, the haste?

One factor is the money: $770 million in the present budget and a program total of $2.5 billion. The principal contractors of AWACS took out a 17-page advertisement in *Aviation Week & Space Technology* last July following Eagleton's June attack on the program. The plane is a Boeing 707; the huge radar that sprouts out of the fuselage like a mushroom with elephantiasis is built by Westinghouse; IBM computers process the data that are displayed on cathode ray tubes manufactured by Hazeltine; Cutler-Hammer builds the "identification" systems that discriminate friendly from hostile aircraft; Northrop makes the navigation and guidance equipment; Collins supplies the radios; and

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Keystone subsystems turn the radar dome. These companies have a lot at stake and will lobby hard to get the full amount requested by the air force.

The contractors have allies in the senators from Washington state, the home of Boeing aircraft. Warren Magnuson sits on the important Appropriations defense subcommittee, and Henry M. Jackson is an influential member of the Armed Services Committee. Two years ago Jackson supported a motion in committee to slow down development of the Trident ballistic-missile submarine, but when that motion became a floor amendment a few weeks later he reversed himself and voted against it. What was the *quid pro quo?* One Senate source told me he believes Jackson traded his Trident vote for Defense Department support for two Boeing projects of questionable merit: AWACS and AABNCP (a 747 transport that would be modified to serve as an advanced airborne national command post in time of nuclear war). Indeed a GAO witness told the tactical air power subcommittee that the office of the Secretary of Defense had expressed reservations about AWACS similar to GAO's but that OSD had not acted on them. No explanation was given. Was there a deal?

Another factor in the air force's hard sell of AWACS may be the possibility of an American retrenchment in Europe. Mutual force reduction talks between NATO and the Warsaw Pact may soon result in modest, initial troop cuts and could lead to larger US-Soviet withdrawals in the near future. Or there could be a unilateral cutback. President Nixon hinted as much in Chicago on March 15 when he spoke about how the "economic confrontation and hostility" of our NATO allies in the Common Market might make it "almost impossible to get congressional support for continued American presence at present levels on the security front." If a production decision on AWACS were deferred until 1978, a reduction in the size of our European garrison might make it politically impossible for the air force to sell Congress on a new radar plane whose justification is based upon a European mission. Hence the service has a great incentive to get Congress committed to a production decision now.

Platoons of OSD and service witnesses are now maneuvering before the Armed Services and Appropriations committees to win support for the Nixon administration's $95 billion defense budget. In spite of official protestations that this is a lean request, there are pouches of flab. AWACS is an obvious one, and Congress should look at it skeptically. In particular legislators ought to ask OSD witnesses why their office did not act upon its reservations about AWACS and, instead, approved a half-billion-dollar request for production money on an unproved system. If Congress defers a production decision until operational tests are complete in 1978, it could prevent a multibillion-dollar overrun from ever leaving the ground.

Peter J. Ognibene

The Nixon Watch

Ford's Future

Gerald Ford continues to say publicly and in private that he expects to be Vice President and expects Richard Nixon to be President of the United States until January 20, 1977. The Vice President also continues to say that he has no intention of running and no plan to run for the presidency in 1976. But he concluded some weeks ago that it was foolish to go on pretending that there is no possibility that he, the first Vice President who was appointed to the office, may become President by succession before Mr. Nixon's second term is finished and may be the Republican nominee in 1976. During an interview with Henry Brandon of the London *Sunday Times* in late February, for instance, Ford said with utter calm that if he were President and running for reelection he would prevent a repetition of the Watergate campaign scandals by relying upon the regular Republican organization rather than a separate reelection committee and would monitor his campaign managers much more closely than Mr. Nixon supervised his managers in 1972. At a quiz session with Harvard students and a press conference in Boston on March 11, he said in a tone of gratitude that Mr. Nixon has "given me an opportunity to see firsthand the responsibilities not only of the Vice President but the President as well" and noted that such activities as inspection of Strategic Air Command facilities "have helped prepare me if the unfortunate should happen." When a student asked Ford whether he would resign if President Nixon were impeached and removed from office, the Vice President answered matter-of-factly that under the Constitution he would have no alternative but to succeed to the presidency.

With such views and responses on the public record, the fact that Gerald Ford has done a lot of very specific thinking about his possible and maybe probable future should not surprise anyone. What follows is an account of his thinking as I've been led to understand it. This report is presented solely upon my authority, and readers will just have to assume and believe that I haven't made it up out of nothing.

Of course the Vice President thinks about a midterm succession to the presidency. He doesn't expect it to happen, he doesn't want it to happen, but he realizes that it could happen. This being so, he naturally thinks about who he'd want to have with him in a Ford administration and at a Ford White House if it does happen. His vision of a Ford Cabinet is far from complete but it is fairly precise so far as his thinking about it has gone. He is certain, he has been assured, that Henry Kissinger would be his Secretary of State. He has said publicly that he considers Kissinger to be "a superb Secretary of State" and he really does. Kissinger was recently understood and reported to have

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told several members of Congress that he could no longer serve effectively and would resign if President Nixon were impeached or otherwise compelled to leave office. Kissinger immediately got in touch with the Vice President and assured him that the report was erroneous. Kissinger said he would be happy to remain as Secretary of State if Ford became President and hoped that Ford would allow him to remain. Ford assured Kissinger that he would be not only allowed but asked to remain.

There's George Shultz, who recently resigned as Secretary of the Treasury and expects to leave office as soon as a successor is confirmed. Ford thinks Shultz is a great public servant who has been a tremendous asset to the administration and the country. Ford as President would want and welcome Shultz back in government, at the Treasury or elsewhere, if he were willing to return. The Vice President esteems Secretary of Labor Peter Brennan and would want him to stay. Ford thinks Rogers Morton has been an excellent Secretary of the Interior and would hope to keep him in that office. Ford is aware that James Lynn, the Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, has an excellent reputation. The Vice President assumes that Lynn deserves the reputation and would retain the office if he wants to. The Vice President hasn't seen enough of Transportation Secretary Claude Brinegar and doesn't know enough about him to know whether he'd be asked to remain.

The Nixon Cabinet member with the big question mark over his name is Secretary of Defense James R. Schlesinger. Ford thinks that Schlesinger is in many respects an excellent Secretary of Defense. He admires Schlesinger as a person and as an official. He agrees with Schlesinger's policies (although, quite apart from the information on which this report is based, I'm not certain that the Vice President agrees entirely with the administration's and Schlesinger's approach to strategic arms limitation and negotiation). Ford's reservation about Schlesinger has to do with Congress. In the Vice President's opinion, Schlesinger doesn't understand Congress and doesn't know how to deal with Congress. Ford holds that one of any administration's biggest problems in the foreseeable future is going to be dealing with Congress on defense matters and that an effective Secretary of Defense has to know how to deal with Congress or, if he doesn't know, have somebody at Defense who does know how. Ford spent most of the last week of March working on a problem in Congress that, in the Vice President's opinion, Schlesinger simply didn't know how to handle and was not equipped to handle. The problem was how to resolve a serious controversy between Chairman George Mahon of the House Appropriations Committee and Chairman F. Edward Hébert of the House Armed Services Committee over which of the two committees should determine the level of US military assistance to South Vietnam. Hébert's committee had authorized $1.6 billion in the current fiscal year and had attempted to nullify the Appropriations Committee's vote to cut it to $1.1 billion. The Nixon administration wanted $1.6 billion and was afraid that it wouldn't get approval of even $1.1 billion if opponents of aid to South Vietnam joined with defenders of the Appropriations Committee's prerogatives to block any amount. Ford realized at the end of the week that he hadn't resolved the controversy but he felt that he'd done more to bring Mahon and Hébert into agreement than Schlesinger and his people could have done. The President thought the issue was very important and Ford agreed. The Vice President felt that with his work on it he'd done more to earn his pay than with anything else he'd done since he succeeded Spiro Agnew in the vice presidency last December 10. Ford was a member of Congress for 25 years, so it's not surprising that the experience left him in some doubt about Schlesinger at Defense.

Ford has also thought about the staff he'd want with him at the White House. He knows who among his present staff of more than 40 he'd take with him into the presidency. One of them is Robert Hartmann, who worked for him in Congress and is the Vice President's chief of staff. Ford has concluded, and understands that Hartmann agrees, that Hartmann isn't up to staff management on either a vice presidential or presidential scale. L. William Seidman, a friend, lawyer and accountant from Ford's home town of Grand Rapids, Michigan, has been surveying the Vice President's staff needs on a temporary assignment and has just agreed to join and manage the permanent staff. President Ford would want Seidman on his White House staff. Another Grand Rapids friend whose name comes up in this connection is Philip Buchan, who was Ford's first law partner and for many years has been among Michigan's and Grand Rapids' leading attorneys. Buchan considers himself to be on temporary and part-time duty with Ford, setting up a staff to draft proposals for the protection of citizens' privacy. He'd probably wind up with President Ford. Bob Orbin, a New York writer of material for comedians—Red Skelton has been an Orbin client—has joined Ford's staff as a provider of the lightsome touch and he'd be in demand at a Ford White House.

Former Congressman, Defense Secretary and White House Counsellor Melvin Laird, who recently left Mr. Nixon for the *Reader's Digest*, and outgoing Counsellor Bryce Harlow would be asked to return to the White House staff under President Ford. He understands that both of them have had enough of public employment for awhile and would be reluctant to resume it. But the Vice President is confident that he as President would be in a position to ask many people, Laird and Harlow included, to do things that they may not particularly want to do. A Nixon assistant who definitely would not be asked to stick around is Press Secretary

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Ronald Ziegler. An assistant who would be asked to stay is Gen. Alexander Haig, who succeeded H. R. Haldeman as President Nixon's staff chief last May. Ford thinks that Haig is a great manager and that he's done a tremendous job for Mr. Nixon in staving off staff collapse and chaos under Watergate pressures. Just how Bob Hartmann, William Seidman and Gen. Haig would fit into one White House staff isn't clear. My guess is that Gen. Haig would resolve his part of that problem by resuming his army career.

Vice President Ford's notion of how he as President would use Gen. Haig provides an insight into how President Nixon uses Haig and handles himself. Ford is under the impression that Mr. Nixon takes up so much of Gen. Haig's time in small talk, jawing away at him in the Oval Office or in the President's hideaway quarters in the Executive Office Building, that Haig the superlative manager doesn't have enough time to manage. Ford would leave Haig alone to do his intended job and absorb no more of his time than the job requires him to spend with the President. Ford is a pleasant, easy, surprisingly facile conversationalist in his off hours. But he doesn't like small talk in business hours. It bothers and offends him and he thinks the President is much too given to it. Although in his experience the President's small talk is always about big things, in Ford's opinion it can and does waste a lot of other people's time. Ford has heard that the President and Ron Ziegler spent a lot of time with each other after Watergate began to overwhelm the presidency last year. The Vice President has the impression now, however, that Mr. Nixon wants and demands much less of Ziegler's company than he did for awhile. Ford, as previously indicated, could and would do entirely without Ziegler's company. Recent reports that he doesn't get as much time with the President as he needs and would like to have genuinely puzzle Ford. The hours that he's had to spend with the President, mostly listening to Mr. Nixon talk about this and that, have on a few occasions driven the Vice President close to distraction. He's brought himself recently to break off their conversations, pleading that he's got to go some place or do something important right away.

This impression of Ford's impression of Richard Nixon indicates that the President has undergone a change of personality in the past year or so. The late President Eisenhower, among others whose admiration for Richard Nixon was limited, felt that one of his serious personal defects was his abhorrence of small talk and his inability to practice or endure it for long. Of late, it would appear, Mr. Nixon can't do without it. The Vice President is not the only acquaintance and associate who perceives that the President is under some inner compulsion to let himself go in previously unaccustomed ways with people whom he knows and thinks he can trust.

Ford doesn't quarrel with journalists, among them some of the best political reporters in the business, who write after traveling with him on his rounds of party fund-raisers, press conferences and speeches to Republican groups that he's running hard for the GOP presidential nomination in 1976. He realizes that he's behaving as if he were after the nomination and that it's probably asking too much of the reporters who trail him about the country to expect them to believe that his sole interest is in doing what he can to save the Republican party and its candidates from disaster in the 1974 elections. His thinking about 1976 encompasses a possibility that inhibits him from flatly and conclusively ruling out the nomination for himself—something he has not done and doesn't intend to do. The envisioned possibility is that the leading active candidates—Rockefeller, Reagan, Percy come to his mind—may be in such close competition for the nomination that the 1976 convention will be threatened with deadlock and ruinous division. What if Vice President Ford or President Ford, as the case may be, is then offered the nomination and urged to accept it for the party's sake? Ford foresees that it would be hard indeed, perhaps impossible, for him to refuse the nomination in such an event. The cynics who will inevitably deride this projection as a tricky cover for Ford's actual purpose and ambition may be right, of course. All I know is what I'm told, and that is that this is the one and only circumstance in which Gerald Ford might accept the 1976 nomination.

Ford knows that he has to live with the impression, now practically universal, that he is drawing away from Mr. Nixon to the maximum extent that he thinks feasible without explicitly repudiating the President. When in Chicago on March 30, and again in Florida that night, he denounced the "arrogant, elite guard of political adolescents" who ran the President's 1972 reelection committee and charged them with "a failure to reinforce the President's impressive victory with enough Republicans in the House and Senate to ensure the success of his programs," he was attacking and had to know that he was attacking Mr. Nixon's concept and conduct of the campaign. He didn't expect to be believed when he said with the utmost blandness at a subsequent press conference that he wasn't doing any such thing. He just wanted to be heard saying that he wasn't, for the record. In truth he is not totally convinced that Mr. Nixon is a total liability to the party this year. When it was suggested, a couple of days after the Chicago performance, that the President might go into Michigan's eighth congressional district and campaign for the Republican nominee for the House, Ford recommended that Mr. Nixon do so. The Vice President said that a visit by the President to Michigan wouldn't hurt and might help the candidate.

John Osborne

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New Pieces in the Watergate Puzzle

by Walter Pincus

The Watergate story is a puzzle of many pieces, some of them still missing. As Congress and the courts work to bring about new disclosures, more parts of the jigsaw turn up and can be fitted into place. Last month Earl J. Silbert, the original prosecutor in the Watergate case, who is now up for Senate confirmation as US attorney for the District of Columbia, filed a 31-page report defending his actions during 1972 and 1973. His apologia, read carefully, contains several heretofore missing parts of the puzzle, answering at least tentatively the following questions:

Did the hush money paid to Watergate defendants do the job? Did they hide what they knew when questioned by the grand jury, even after they had been convicted and given immunity from further prosecution?

Thanks to Silbert's report, we now know that at least one defendant, E. Howard Hunt, not only clammed up —he lied to protect higher-ups when put before the grand jury a second time. That fact is relevant to whether Nixon participated in an obstruction of justice.

Mr. Nixon has recalled that when the matter of money for defendants was brought up to him on March 21, 1973 by his former counsel, John Wesley Dean III, he was told of "an attempt . . . to blackmail the White House by one of the defendants." The alleged blackmailer was Hunt. According to former White House chief of staff H. R. Haldeman, who testified that he listened to the March 21 White House tape recording at least twice and took extensive notes, Dean indicated "concern about two problems, money and clemency. [Dean] said that [White House aide Charles W.] Colson had said something to Hunt about clemency . . . [Dean] said Hunt was demanding $120,000 or else he would tell about the seamy things he [Hunt] had done for [White House aide John] Ehrlichman."

Both the President and Haldeman appear to agree that there was an extended discussion on March 21 of what should be done about Hunt's demand for money. "I said," the President told newsmen last August 22, "isn't it quite obvious first that if it [hush money] is going to have any chance to succeed, that these individuals aren't going to sit there in jail for four years; they're going to have to have clemency . . . I said we can't give clemency. He [Dean] agreed . . . The second point is . . . that while we could raise the money, and he indicated in answer to my question that it would probably take a million dollars over four years . . . the problem was how do you get the money to them? And also, how do you get around the problem of clemency . . . I said John, it's wrong, it won't work, we can't give clemency and we've got to get this story out."

Instead of getting the story out, they seem to have done the opposite. On the night of March 21, Hunt received $75,000 in cash—a payment authorized earlier in the day by Mitchell who had previously been phoned by Haldeman. Getting the money to Hunt was no problem. Two days later, on March 23, Hunt was given a provisional sentence—the maximum prison term he could get, 35 years. Judge John Sirica told him and the other defendants, who also were given maximum sentences, that their full cooperation with the grand jury would be weighed "in appraising what sentence will be finally imposed in each case." Three days later, the Watergate grand jury began to requestion the five convicted defendants. By that time stories had been published linking Dean and Nixon reelection committee deputy director Jeb Stuart Magruder to the intelligence planning that preceded the break-in. On March 27 Hunt returned before the grand jury. He reportedly took the Fifth Amendment.

On March 28 Hunt was granted "use-immunity" by Judge Sirica and again went back before the grand jury. With that immunity Hunt could not be prosecuted for any crimes about which he truthfully testified. His only legal liability could come from refusing to answer questions or perjuring himself.

Hunt was questioned for four hours that day. Did he tell all? According to the then-prosecutor Silbert, "Hunt initially lied repeatedly in response to questions concerning the involvement of others and receipt of money during the [original Watergate] investigation. . . ." Why would a man with immunity lie when he also knew his prison sentence might be reduced if he cooperated?

The White House was deeply interested in Hunt's testimony. On the morning of his appearance, March 28, Ehrlichman called then-Attorney General Richard Kleindienst and recited a list of matters "the President wanted me to cover with you." Among them: "What progress are they [the prosecutors and grand jury] making right now; have you had a reaction to it?" Kleindienst replied: "Well, the last time I talked to Henry [E. Petersen, assistant attorney general in charge of the Criminal Division] Monday [March 26] because of Sirica's sentencing procedures, it got a little boxed up. Sirica is really lousing this thing up. I don't know. I'm going to talk to Petersen this morning and I'll call

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you back."

Hunt continued to maintain his silence about any White House involvement. Silbert reports that Hunt and the three Cuban-Americans "continued to lie until we accumulated sufficient evidence to establish that they were lying and confronted them with it." Why did they lie? One possible explanation: they *had* been given hush money.

Was there an effort in September 1972 to use the FBI to divert the public from the Watergate case?

On September 1, 1972—before any Watergate indictments had been handed up—Democratic Party Chairman Lawrence F. O'Brien filed a lawsuit against the Republicans in which he charged that his phone conversations had been tapped. It was the first public confirmation that a wiretap probably had been involved in the Watergate affair. Less than two weeks later O'Brien announced he had discovered a bug on the phone of Spencer Oliver, a party official. O'Brien's disclosures were based in part on information the Democrats had received from Alfred Baldwin, the man who had monitored the bugs for the burglary team.

The Republicans were caught flatfooted by O'Brien's actions and the renewed press interest it created in the Watergate affair just as the presidential election campaign was getting into full swing. What hurt most was the fact that the Democrats themselves turned up the bug. The FBI was embarrassed for its agents had supposedly searched the Democratic headquarters thoroughly immediately after the original break-in was discovered June 17 and had found no wiretaps or bugs. Justice Department officials intimated off-the-record to newsmen that the newly found bug was planted by the Democrats to help the McGovern campaign.

In his report Silbert notes that although he believed the Oliver bug was the one originally placed by the Watergate team, the FBI thought of it as "a separate offense, unrelated to the Watergate burglary and wiretap." Silbert further notes that he received complaints from Oliver "about the [FBI] investigation into his life." Finally, according to Silbert, the FBI filed a report of its investigation terming the bug "a new offense with unknown subjects."

Why did the FBI pursue this inquiry without being directed to do so by Silbert when they had failed to follow up other Watergate leads unless ordered to? If Silbert was not pressing the bureau to investigate the tap, who was? Finally, since Baldwin himself told the FBI and Silbert on July 10 about the bug on Oliver's phone, why was the bug not immediately retrieved that same day? Silbert never answered that.

The former prosecutor, Mr. Silbert, has been nominated by President Nixon to be US attorney for the District of Columbia. The Senate Judiciary Committee has scheduled hearings on Silbert for April 23. It already has received communications from two Silbert detractors—Charles Morgan of the American Civil Liberties Union and James McCord, the convicted Watergate burglar. Morgan has filed a long report critical of Silbert's handling of the initial investigation. In his response to Morgan's allegations, Silbert reiterates his position that the first prosecution was undertaken with the expectation that other individuals were involved in addition to the original defendants, but that, first, convictions of the arrested burglars were needed. Thereafter, by putting the initial "Watergate Seven" back before the grand jury, this time with immunity, the truth about higher-ups could be uncovered.

In his Judiciary Committee filing, however, Silbert makes one interesting new disclosure about his strategy. He recalls that on October 25, 1972 an approach was made by the prosecution to McCord's lawyer seeking to have his client plead guilty to only one count of conspiracy in return for McCord's testimony. Silbert goes on to say, "The purpose of the offer was to secure McCord's cooperation, particularly disclosure from him as to what he did with the logs [of the Democratic wiretaps] *so that prior to the election, through his plea, the public might know* [italics mine]. Little more than a month earlier, on September 16, 1972, Silbert's boss Henry Petersen was quoted in a Justice Department press release that attacked Democratic presidential candidate George McGovern's contention that the Watergate indictments were a "whitewash." Petersen's highly partisan release said the trial would prove that only the seven indicted men were involved in the undertaking. Now Silbert is contending he wanted McCord to cooperate so that in the final few days before the election he could prove otherwise *to the voters.*

Silbert also disclosed he had only one substantive meeting (lasting an hour) with former Attorney General Richard Kleindienst about the Watergate case—on July 31, 1972. Two days earlier Silbert had subpoenaed Maurice Stans to appear before the grand jury. Stans complained to Ehrlichman, who in turn took the matter up with Henry Petersen, charging that Silbert was harassing Stans. Ehrlichman then called Kleindienst and those two, plus John Dean, met the morning of July 31 to discuss the case. According to Ehrlichman it was on that day that he learned that Jeb Magruder was under suspicion and might even take the Fifth Amendment. That afternoon when Kleindienst returned to the Justice Department, he met with Silbert and Petersen. At that meeting it was decided that Stans and White House aides would not have to appear personally before the grand jury—but rather would be questioned under oath in the Justice Department with the transcript read to the grand jury.

Much as the Judiciary Committee hearings on L. Patrick Gray's nomination as FBI director provided a forum for exploring the bureau's role in Watergate, so Silbert's confirmation hearings may give the public a chance to see how diligently the original prosecution was undertaken.

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25 Million Disadvantaged Tenants

Lamenting the Rent

by Peter Barnes

Like some 25 million other heads of households in the United States, I must pay monthly tribute to an absentee landlord for the privilege of having a roof over my head. That tribute is no trifling sum: it amounts to about one quarter of my income. Part of it covers the legitimate cost of constructing and maintaining the building I live in, and I have no complaint about that. But a good-sized portion is profit for banks, insurance companies, real estate agents and present and past landlords.

My fellow renters are disproportionately poor, young and dark-skinned. In 1969, according to the US Census, the median household income for renters was $6300; for homeowners it was $9700. Three out of four married couples under 25 years of age are renters, as are nearly 60 percent of nonwhites (compared to 35 percent of whites of all ages). The renters' handicap is that they haven't inherited or amassed enough capital to lift themselves out of the status of tenancy. For this they are doubly punished: their housing is generally older and of poorer quality than that of nonrenters, and they must disproportionately subsidize the income of landlords, bankers, brokers and insurers—those whom I call real estate parasites.

By contrast to the renter the homeowner is able to cut down his losses to the parasites. True, he generally pays for his house twice over, once for the property itself and again for the money to buy the property. In this sense banks are really landlords to us all: everyone must pay a tithe to the money-lenders for a roof over his head. The homeowner is also absurdly socked by title insurance companies, which collect several hundred dollars for reinsuring the same title they verified for a string of previous owners. But the homeowner gets some breaks that the renter doesn't. He can deduct from his federal and state income taxes the tithe paid to money-lenders. And he can recoup a good part of the tithe when he sells his house later, just as the person who buys from him can recoup from the next buyer, and so on until and even after the building crumbles.

The people who fare best of all are not those who own their homes, but who own the homes of others. They too must pay a tithe to the money-lenders, but unlike the homeowner they are able to recoup the entire amount of the tithe—and then some—not at some future date but every month when the rent checks come in. Typically about 40 percent of a tenant's rent goes to pay the landlord's financing costs. Another one-fifth to one-fourth goes for property taxes, and about one-third covers upkeep, management and other costs. The rest is the landlord's monthly profit, which is not to be confused with the gain he collects when he sells or refinances the building, or with the tax shelter benefits he receives from depreciation and interest write-offs. If inflation starts to gallop it doesn't hurt the landlord: he can raise rents and cut back services while his financing costs remain constant, and he reaps a larger capital gain in the end.

The renters' burden is increased when buildings are resold or refinanced. For reasons that will be explained in a moment, landlords generally don't like to hold a property for too long; they prefer to sell old holdings and acquire others. Each time a new landlord buys a building, he borrows money to pay off the previous landlord. Since the price of the building will have risen, and interest rates most likely will have risen too, the financing costs of the new landlord will be higher than those of the old landlord. Each sale also means a six or seven percent commission for a real estate agent and another round of closing costs and title insurance fees. All these added costs are no problem for the new landlord: he raises rents, which accounts for the seemingly illogical fact that rents in old buildings don't decrease after construction costs are paid off. Rents *increase* because the same old building can be resold a dozen times, providing succor for generation after generation of parasites.

Much the same result comes about when a landlord refinances rather than sells a building. Refinancing works like this. Suppose a landlord buys a building for $100,000 with $20,000 down and an $80,000 loan. After several years the building is worth $120,000 and the principal outstanding on the loan has been reduced to $60,000 thanks to the tenants' monthly rent checks. The landlord then refinances the building by taking out a new mortgage, say, for $100,000. He pays off the $60,000 still left on the old loan and pockets the $40,000, in effect cashing in the equity his tenants built up for him, plus part of the gain from the building's rise in value. Wondrously, he pays no capital gains tax on the $40,000 because it is in the form of a loan rather than the proceeds from a sale. And because he still owns the building, he continues to receive his month-to-month profits and retains title to future appreciations in value. The only problem is that he must make higher

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payments on his new, larger loan, but again this is easily solved by raising rents.

The government adds injury to insult through its lopsided tax laws. Consider first the local property tax, which is largely passed on to renters by landlords. A family paying $200 a month to its landlord is probably paying $40 or more in property taxes. So the actual rent is $160, with a "sales tax" of $40, or 25 percent, tacked on. No other commodity sold in the United States, with the possible exception of cigarettes, liquor and gasoline, carries such a heavy tax add-on. It's regressive since low-income people spend a higher proportion of their incomes on housing than the well-to-do. Several states have tried to lessen the regressivity of the property tax as it affects homeowners by granting partial exemptions or "circuit-breaker" relief in the form of income tax reduction or rebates. But only California, Michigan and Vermont give similar property tax relief to non-elderly renters, and even in these states the renters' relief is small compared to homeowners'.

The federal income tax discriminates against tenants by allowing homeowners, but not renters, to deduct that portion of their housing costs attributable to mortgage interest and local property taxes. This is an enormous subsidy and increases with the owner's income. According to the Tax Reform Research Group, the average $7000-a-year homeowner in 1972 saved $20 thanks to these deductions; the average $100,000-a-year homeowner saved $2500.

Another tax subsidy for owners is the low rent at which profits from the sale of housing are taxed. Landlords pay the capital gains rate—half that at which renters' wages are taxed. Homeowners pay *no* capital gains tax if they buy a new house within one year. The renter's effective income tax rate is several percentage points higher because of these preferences to owners.

Perhaps the juiciest break for absentee landlords is the deductibility of depreciation on properties that don't depreciate. Most apartment houses appreciate in value over time because the land beneath them rises, as does the cost of constructing new housing. The tax laws nevertheless permit landlords to deduct from taxable income a fictitious and, in the early years of ownership, substantial amount of depreciation. What's more, a non-depreciating property can be depreciated not just once but several times, with each successive landlord getting his chance to play the game. This is one reason real estate is such an attractive tax shelter for the wealthy. It's also a major cause of housing resales, and thus of rising rents.

Consider what happens after Landlord A buys a large apartment house and enjoys its hefty depreciation and interest deductions for several years. (Like depreciation deductions, interest deductions are concentrated in the early years of ownership because loan repayments contain more interest than principal at first.) When Landlord A's tax deductions drop too low, he sells the building for a capital gain to Landlord B, who begins his own top-heavy sequence of depreciation and interest deductions. Landlord A in turn uses his profits to buy another building on which he can get those juicy front-end deductions once again, and both landlords raise rents to cover the higher financing costs of their new loans. About half the annual investment in real estate goes into buying or refinancing existing buildings, rather than into putting up new ones. If resale and refinancing were discouraged instead of encouraged by the tax laws, there'd be more new housing built, and rents would be lower.

The federal government has made several efforts to aid renters. Loan guarantee programs of the Federal Housing Administration and the Veterans Administration have reduced the amount of savings needed to escape from tenancy. Low-rent public housing and public subsidized private housing have provided shelter for many, and direct rent subsidies have helped others to live in landlord-owned units that they otherwise could not afford. But contrast these federal approaches, discussed by Malcolm E. Peabody in this journal March 9, with housing policy in Scandinavia and other western European countries. There, the effort has been to reduce the subsidies renters pay to real estate parasites, rather than to subsidize those subsidies with government handouts. It has been done by rent control, municipal ownership of land, cooperative nonprofit ownership of housing, and so-called index loans in which financing costs, instead of being fixed for the entire term of a mortgage, are low initially and rise only at the rate of the cost of living or other price indices.

Edward M. Kirshner, an urban economist in Oakland, California, has drawn up a plan that would apply Scandinavian principles to American tax laws, and the results are astounding. Suppose a city acquired land at current market prices by floating low-interest tax-exempt bonds or by borrowing from local public employee pension funds. Suppose the city then leased the land to nonprofit housing cooperatives with the proviso that payment for the land could be deferred until the co-ops finished paying for the housing they would build, rehabilitate or simply purchase. The co-ops would get 100 percent index loans from a municipal revolving fund generated through tax-exempt bonds or pension fund loans. Members of each co-op would make nominal down-payments followed by monthly payments to cover upkeep and management, retirement of the index loan, and payments to the city in lieu of property taxes. After the mortgage on the housing was paid off, that portion of the members' monthly payments would go to reimburse the city for its land.

Note that co-op members in this model are better off than renters. As co-owners of their housing they can reap the mortgage interest and property tax deductions; they also get the homeowner exemption or circuit-breaker kickback if their state has one. Because

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the co-op is paying for housing and land *in seriatim*, rather than both at once, and because it has a low-interest index loan from the city, the members' monthly payments are quite low. And because the land and housing are forever off the resale market, neither present nor future co-op members will ever be saddled with some new landlord's refinancing costs.

The result of all these savings, according to Kirshner, is that the same housing affordable today only by families earning $14,000 could be available to families earning $7500 (assuming 25 percent of income goes to housing). And this could be achieved without a penny of direct federal subsidies—indeed, without any additional federal legislation.

To put the model fully into effect would require municipal governments that aren't afraid to step on the toes of real estate parasites (who tend to be powerful at city hall). Still, housing co-ops can be and have been developed without municipal support, bringing substantial savings to moderate income families. According to Paul Golz of the Mutual Ownership Development Fund, there are some 160,000 cooperative housing units in the United States, mostly labor-sponsored and mostly in New York City. Co-op City in the east Bronx, one of the largest housing complexes in the world, was aided by a $234 million loan from New York State; monthly payments there are well below the prevailing rates in New York City.

For the moment, however, true co-ops—not to be confused with condominiums—are a rarity, as are rent control, index loans and other arrangements that might reduce the profits made by landlords and bankers. Unless things change, my fellow renters and I will keep forking over those maddening monthly tributes. We may join tenant unions and otherwise protest, but the laws of the market and the state are stacked against us.

The Detroit Case

Psychosurgery

by Paul Lowinger

It may have come as a shock to the researchers to read on the front page of the *Detroit Free Press* on January 7, 1973 about the psychosurgery study they were planning. The researchers, Jacques Gottlieb, head of Lafayette Clinic, Ernst Rodin, chief of neurology at the same clinic in Detroit and Gordon Yudashkin, head of Michigan's Department of Mental Health, thought that they had a gentlemen's agreement with their staffs to keep the story quiet. The paper reported correctly on a project at Lafayette Clinic, a state psychiatric research center in Detroit, to perform brain surgery on criminal sexual psychopaths to control aggression. The Michigan legislature had appropriated $228,000 for 28 inmates of mental hospitals to undergo this treatment. The first subject had already been selected and had signed his consent for the operation. The probable reason that the researchers wanted to keep the study secret was their awareness that the use of science for social and behavioral control was becoming a controversial issue and that psychosurgery was certainly the most dramatic and extreme form of this control. Publicity could mean trouble.

They were right. An unknown informer leaked the story to the press and to Gabe Kaimowitz, a Detroit attorney employed by Michigan Legal Services. A suit was filed with the Medical Committee for Human Rights as plaintiff, to stop the psychosurgery, alleging misappropriation of state funds and violation of the subjects' constitutional rights. Other news stories followed describing the first proposed subject for this new psychosurgery who was known as John Doe. He had been held at Ionia State Hospital for 18 years after he committed a rape murder at the age of 17 while hospitalized for sexual problems at another state hospital. He had signed the consent for the electrode implantation in the amygdala, deep within the temporal of his brain, and subsequent destruction or removal of tissue. He agreed on the promise that he would be released from the institution, which at the time seemed the only way he ever would get out.

Like most people, John Doe knew nothing about

Paul Lowinger, MD, *is adjunct associate professor of psychiatry at Wayne State University and served as national chairman of the Medical Committee for Human Rights. He is a consultant at Lafayette Clinic in Detroit.*

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the history of psychosurgery, a type of neurosurgery performed to control behavior or emotion, in contrast to neurosurgery which is used to treat organic disease. Psychosurgery was introduced in this country in 1936 by Walter Freeman, a well known neurosurgeon, whose favored technique was lobotomy. He recommended it especially for treatment of blacks and women. Lobotomy consists of severing the fibers between the frontal lobes and the lower portions of the brain. It was performed between 1936 and 1950 on 50,000 people in the United States leaving behind a history of complications in the form of convulsive disorders, loss of intelligence and creativity and postoperative deaths. Controlled evaluations of lobotomy showed it had less benefit than conventional treatments of mental illness and the technique has been almost abandoned. Not entirely, however, since William Scoville, president of the International Psychosurgical Society still performs lobotomies in Hartford, Connecticut.

John Doe might have been interested to know that a more sophisticated form of psychosurgery was going to be used on his brain, a form that came into prominence in the 1960s. The technique is to create localized lesions in the amygdala or in the other parts of the limbic system of the brain, which is the portion controlling emotions. These operations are based on new theories of emotion and use new stereotactic or automated surgical devices. Primitive cutting techniques have been replaced by ultrasound, electricity and freezing of tissue. Five hundred Americans a year are recipients of the new psychosurgery and it is being used often in other technologically advanced countries.

The preliminary hearing of the John Doe case began in February 1973, before a three-judge Wayne County Circuit Court. Judges and spectators heard testimony that made it clear why the researchers preferred privacy. Civil liberties problems about informed and voluntary consent were aired and the project design itself was questioned. The *Free Press* published two cautionary editorials and suggested there should be a state law governing the use of psychosurgery. Seeing how unpopular the project was, the state department of mental health hurriedly cancelled the study of February 7, during the preliminary proceedings. Nevertheless the litigation was continued by the judges because Lafayette Clinic said that if it was not to be allowed to use psychosurgery on institutionalized people who were intractably aggressive, it would be performed on a similar group who would be redefined as para-epileptics.

The trial opened in March. The project described turned out to be not treatment as claimed, but experimentation of a dubious sort. A number of scientists and clinicians criticized the lack of precision and detail. The design of the project called for two sets of patients, one aggressive psychopaths, the other mentally retarded. The treatment was psychosurgery with a control group receiving an anti-androgen drug. The proposal to put electrodes in the limbic system of the subject's brain to study the electrical activity seemed futile, since there are no normal standards for measuring this type of brain wave. Another aspect of the study that came to light at the trial was the plan to study sexual offenders, who would be given cyproterine acetate, an experimental anti-androgen drug from West Germany that produces chemical castration. Lafayette Clinic had already been farsighted enough to inquire of the police how many sexual offenders lived in Detroit, so that the drug manufacturers would know the market potential and could prepare for all who might wish to take advantage of this golden opportunity.

Other lapses on the part of the researchers kept surfacing. John Doe had been categorized by the researchers as aggressive, but a psychiatrist from the University of Michigan who examined him at the time of the trial found that since Doe's serious criminal act at the age of 17 he had shown no aggressive behavior in the institution for 18 years. The psychiatrist also found that Doe had had no psychotherapy or psychiatric treatment in all his institutional years, although a requirement for the study was that such treatment had been previously tried and failed. After examining John Doe and his parents, the psychiatrist declared in court that Doe was in fact treatable.

One of the things that concerned those following the case was the vulnerability of people like John Doe and others in mental institutions to ill designed and dangerous projects such as the psychosurgery study. It brought to mind chilling memories of experiments conducted in Nazi Germany which were so thoroughly repudiated by the world medical community, and were specifically denounced by the American Medical Association in 1946. One wonders why the AMA didn't recognize a similar offense at home. As a matter of fact, human experimentation on the poor and nonwhite has been going on for a long time in the United States. Considerable medical experimentation on black slaves was done in the South before the Civil War. The development of ether anesthesia in Georgia by Crawford Long, as well as surgical repair of vesicovaginal fistula, was perfected in the South using slaves as subjects for experiment. Medical institutions all over the country today regard poor clinic and ward patients as potential subjects for experiment. Recently, mentally retarded children at Willowbrook State Hospital were infected with hepatitis in an experiment to develop a vaccine by Saul Krugman, head of the Department of Pediatrics at New York University. In Texas many Mexican-American women became pregnant as control subjects in research on birth control pills.

All such experiments have in common the powerlessness of the subjects, and that raises the worrisome problem of whether they are or are not in a position

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to give voluntary and informed consent to whatever medical experiment the researchers propose. John Doe testified that he signed the consent because he didn't want the state department of mental health to accuse him of being uncooperative—and he wanted his freedom. Of course the most vulnerable to pressure are the committed mental patients like John Doe, and prisoners. Prisoners cooperate for earlier parole and for extra money. To a man in prison earning 10 cents a day, a dollar a day looks big. But the essence of freedom is choice, and choice does not really exist for isolated inmates in institutions. They are completely dependent on the management for daily necessities. They have no access to outside opinion about treatment.

In John Doe's case the attorney appointed by the court was able to show that Doe had been illegally held at Ionia State Hospital since 1968, when the Michigan legislature repealed the Sexual Psychopath Act. He was freed by the court after 18 years of confinement, longer than most people serve for first degree murder in Michigan. As a result 12 other patients at Ionia who no longer felt quite so powerless contacted the attorney Gabe Kaimowitz and asked that he help them gain their freedom.

Another aspect of psychosurgery is that many of its researchers hope to use it as a way to control behavior; for instance Ernst Rodin, chief of this project. In his testimony he reaffirmed statements he made in a speech at the Winter Brain Conference at Aspen, Colorado in 1972, where he maintained that a certain percentage of rioters in Detroit's black uprising of 1967 had brain damage. To create social order, he said, brain operations for aggression should be performed on "dumb young men." He also called for ". . . cold blooded research on aggressive assaultive behavior." This was quite similar to a 1967 letter in the *Journal* of the American Medical Association from two neurosurgeons, William Sweet and Vernon Mark, and a psychiatrist, Frank Ervin, who called for psychosurgery on brain damaged rioters like those who took part in Detroit's black uprising.

After more than three weeks of testimony the psychosurgery case was over, and after seven months the court handed down its decision on July 10, 1973. The three-judge panel decided that the proposed psychosurgery was an experiment rather than a treatment as claimed. The viewpoint of the Lafayette Clinic and the psychosurgeons that an amygdalotomy was a treatment for brain disorder causing aggression was rejected. The court said that prisoners and committed mental patients could not give informed consent to experiments, and this was amplified by citation of the 10 principles of the Nuremberg Code. The 40-page opinion was based on the constitutional protections of the First Amendment for the brain itself, and the Eighth Amendment for protection of privacy, both of which apply to inmates of institutions as well as others. "To allow mental patients to consent to the type of psychosurgery proposed in this case," the judges said, "and to permit the State to perform it, would be to condone State action in violation of basic First Amendment rights of such patients, because impairing the power to generate ideas inhibits the full dissemination of ideas."

Important as this judgment was, many difficult questions still remain. How can we make sure that people in mental hospitals, prisons and other total institutions are not clandestinely and deceitfully used as subjects for psychosurgery and other such experiments? Since research on new drugs and new medical techniques is necessary to improve health care, who are to be the subjects in this research? Civil malpractice actions are underway against Rodin in Detroit and Mark, Ervin and Sweet in Boston for damage allegedly caused by psychosurgery. New laws governing research practices must be drafted and adopted. Constant appraisal of the regulation of experimentation by the Food and Drug Administration and the Public Health Service is necessary. The Food and Drug Administration covers all new drug experiments while PHS controls experiments in schools and hospitals receiving federal money. [It was reported last week that the National Institute of Mental Health has recommended to the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare strict new rules governing the practice of psychosurgery. One of them would prohibit operating on involuntarily confined persons and on patients unable to give informed consent because of age or mental condition.—*The Editors*]

When it comes to finding subjects for research, outpatients and patients in voluntary hospitals who really are capable of giving informed and voluntary consent can be used. Medical school and hospital committees supervising medical and surgical experiments including new drugs must be made to represent the whole community, including the patient community.

Plans for all research and human experimentation should be made public before such projects take place, while they are going on, and after results are known. The physicians of patients in experiments should not be the same as those who are conducting the experiments. All these precautions will be useless, however, unless they have the force of law behind them. There will have to be constant vigilance by consumer organizations, civil libertarians, minority groups and those actively interested in improving health care.

One more word about psychosurgery. In the final analysis this kind of brain research may be too dangerous even in the hands of responsible researchers, since it so easily causes reduced intelligence, impaired creativity, physical disability and sometimes death. Research on brain function and disease is essential, but it must proceed in an orderly way from animal studies to work with humans. Much of the animal work remains undone.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Badlands
(Warner Bros.)

The Great Gatsby
(Paramount)

Terrence Malick wrote the screenplay of *Pocket Money*, one of my favorite films of 1972, an ambling humorous grainy modern Western. Now he has written, produced and directed *Badlands*, which is very different and which sets him high indeed among new American filmmakers. I have severe reservations about the concept of *Badlands*, but I have no doubt at all about Malick's ability to write dialogue, see scenes, direct actors and knit a film.

This picture was apparently "inspired" by the story of Charles Starkweather, the 19-year-old who, in 1958, went on a killing spree in the Midwest with a 14-year-old girlfriend. Ten people were murdered. Starkweather was executed, the girl got life. What has fascinated Malick, obviously, is the cool, almost accidental quality of the story and the figurative hand-in-hand innocence of the young pair strolling through it.

In his fictional recreation he has made the boy 25 and the girl 15, which renders the coupling even more bizarre, but his intent has clearly been to preserve the quality that attracted him to the story in the first place: its smooth glassy surface covering so much horror. Malick says he put the story in the 1950s because it "had to be set in the past. It's meant to be a fairytale or romance. . . ." My own sense is that the very unreality he's after would have been heightened by a present-day setting; the motivelessness would have contrasted more strongly with present pressures. But certainly, as he also says, he was not on a mere nostalgia trip.

Martin Sheen, familiar to New York theater audiences and lately the protagonist in the TV film *The Execution of Private Slovik*, plays a South Dakota garbageman who, as he likes to hear, resembles James Dean. The girl, Sissy Spacek, is a redheaded freckled passive child, no less and no more interested in sex than Sheen. Her attraction for him is in some sort of security that she provides; his for her is as an approximation of fictional romance. (She narrates the film, and her rhetoric is out of love stories much earlier than the 1950s.)

Their story begins as if it were going to be a tale of two unconventional lovers doomed by convention to trouble. Her father quite naturally warns Sheen off. When he finds Sheen in the house one day, he goes to call the police. Sheen shoots him, calmly, almost politely. Sheen feels no remorse or panic; the girl seems only very interested, like a held spectator. Then concern sets in. They set fire to the house and flee.

Hidden in a forest, they live like Paul and Virginia, except on guard. When they are discovered, he kills several of the posse; they escape, travel and leave a trail of killings behind them. They finish up driving across the Badlands in a stolen Cadillac. As capriciously as she first joined him, Spacek decides not to play the rebel-killer game any more. Sheen allows himself to be captured (after first marking the spot with a small cairn). He is taken away in chains, just as undismayed, reasonable and conversational as he was at the beginning.

If the object in casting the girl was nondistinction, Spacek fills the bill. Sheen gives a clean poured-plastic performance. He doesn't have much force, but he has a careful actor-intelligence. Malick's dialogue is idiosyncratically tight. The three-man camera team—Brian Probyn, Tak Fujimoto and Stevan Larner—perceive landscapes exquisitely without snuggling up smarmily to Mother Nature.

But *Badlands* is disappointing because it accomplishes very little other than chronicle. To reverse the recent trend of Capote *et al.*, it is fiction as nonfiction. And at that it's not much more than the record of an abberant. *Bonnie and Clyde* and *Breathless* used their killers as epitomes of their eras. This new film could have taken place practically anytime, anywhere. It's not about a product of American society c. 1958; it simply tells the story of a psychic freak who could have freaked out c. 1858—with a weirdly impressionable child companion.

Malick has too easily accepted the aberrant as significant, too easily accepted mindless violence as a self-explanatory semantics. He provides a blank page on which we are to write, but unfortunately we don't feel much impulse to write anything. The mimetic fallacy oppresses him. He has drawn a hero who feels little, but he gets the wrong result: we feel little about the hero. Underneath all the quite sophisticated filmmaking here, there is a somewhat sophomoric acceptance of Nothing as the equivalent of Nothingness.

When I saw the 1949 film of *The Great Gatsby*, the only other person in the screening room was Edmund Wilson (whom I didn't know). Afterward, as he left, a smiling Paramount publicity man asked him how he had liked the picture. "Not very much, I'm afraid," said Wilson, and kept walking to the elevator. The Paramount man looked less disappointed than betrayed, as if saying, "We've gone to the trouble of making a whole *movie* out of your friend's book and you don't even appreciate it!"

There are lots of reasons why I wish Wilson were still alive, but one of them is to hear his comments on the new *Gatsby* film. It makes the 1949 version and the 1926 version before it (as far as I can remember it) look like twin pinnacles of art. Every single aspect of the new film is bad. Even Robert Redford, fine actor and attractive man, presents a Gatsby who is a dopey mooner instead of a subtle, large exponent of an American tragedy—a man for whom the romances of Money and Romance are inseparable, a compulsive feeder on illusions insisting that they must be true because the facts of his worldly accomplishments are true, and, saddest of all, a believer in "the green light, the orgiastic future that year by year recedes before us."

If Redford fails, then failure is too kind a term for Mia Farrow as Daisy, a skeleton in amour; or Bruce Dern as Tom, supposedly a well-bred gentleman who despises his parvenu neighbor but who

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

Conrack. Jon Voight teaches in a Southern black school. Pleasant humorous sentiment.

The Exorcist. Scary as hell—which is the point.

In the Name of the Father. Italian adolescents in a Jesuit school. Uneven but slashingly brilliant.

The Last Detail. Jack Nicholson an old salt full of old salt in a bitter tale of the peacetime navy.

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Zieglerrata

Wafflers of the world, beware! An implacable enemy, versed in the ways of language, plots your destruction. For three years now the National Council of Teachers of English—130,000 members who live by the word—has been stockpiling invective to hurl at the specter it calls Doublespeak. The council has a Committee on Public Doublespeak—26 determinedly true-speaking, true-writing teachers of high school and college English, whose aim is to "combat semantic distortion by public officials, candidates for office, political commentators, and all those who transmit through the mass media."

Last November the Doublespeak Committee dispatched a daring suicide mission—under the cover name "Insider's Tour"—to the heart of enemy territory, Washington, DC. Four leaders found that the Federal Trade Commission representative had been unable to define "public interest," the Federal Communications Commission official had difficulties with "controversial," and the Department of Defense man struggled unavailingly with "national security"—though he had no trouble when asked if the Pentagon had lied to the Senate about the bombing of Cambodia. Spokesman Jerry W. Friedheim replied that the Pentagon hadn't lied, it had merely submitted an erroneous report. This is pure Pentagon Doublespeak.

Back in World War I Maury Maverick defined Gobbledygook as "talk or writing which is long, pompous, vague, involved, usually with Latinized words." Others have contributed State Departmentese, Pentagonese, Strangeloveisms, Bureaucrat, bureaucrack, bureauquack, bureaucratic indirect, bureaucratic amorphous, linguistic pollution, officialese, Nixonese, Ovaloid, Zieglerrata, marshmallow prose, Prosa Nostra, and of course Doublespeak's half-brother—Doubletalk. Rep. Robert F. Drinan (D, Mass.) calls it unlanguage. He once had such trouble understanding an untext of navy unlanguage that he arranged for navy officials to visit his office and debrief themselves.

To Doublespeak is to polish up the handles on reality. "Things are seldom what they seem/Skim milk masquerades as cream," sang Gilbert and Sullivan. But the past master who damned unlanguage *a cappella* was George Orwell. In "Politics and Language," he wrote: "In our time political speech and writing are largely the defense of the indefensible . . . Defenseless villages are bombarded from the air, the inhabitants driven out into the countryside, the cattle machine-gunned, the huts set on fire with incendiary bullets: this is called *pacification*."

Orwell suggested dealing with political chaos by verbal purification. "If you simplify your English, you are freed from the worst follies of orthodoxy," he wrote. "Political language—and with variations this is true of all political parties, from Conservatives to Anarchists—is designed to make lies sound truthful and murder respectable."

In *1984* Orwell foresaw the triumph of Newspeak, completely replacing Oldspeak (Standard English) by about 2050. Newspeak would make all forbidden beliefs unthinkable by stripping Oldspeak words of unorthodox meanings and diminishing the range of thought: "The word *free* still existed in Newspeak, but it could only be used in such statements as 'This dog is free from lice' or 'This field is free from weeds.'" And: "Ultimately it was hoped to make articulate speech issue from the larynx without involving the higher brain centers at all. This aim was frankly admitted in the Newspeak word *duckspeak*, meaning 'to quack like a duck.'"

James Thurber wrote: "The brain of our species is, as we know, made up largely of potassium, phosphorus, propaganda, and politics, with the result that how not to understand what should be clearer is becoming easier and easier for all of us." As usual his seals were barking up the right tree. Where but in the pea soup of our brain was there a culture for the Doublespeak of Vietnam, where troops were "advisors," where men were not murdered but "wasted," and where the CIA shunned assassination in favor of "termination with prejudice"? Jonathan Schell, who chronicled the terrors of US air warfare in Vietnam, noted that people bombed from their homes began as "hostile civilians" and—in camps—became "refugees." When the burden of empiricism became oppressive, one US official asked for outside help in thinking up derogatory names for the enemy "You always write it's bombing, bombing, bombing," Col. David H. E. Opfer, air attaché at the US Embassy in Pnompenh, complained to reporters. "It's not bombing. It's air support." What might have seemed an old-fashioned invasion of Cambodia turned out to be a simple "incursion."

"It gets worse and worse," said Henry Steele Commager in an interview. "Did you hear Caspar Weinberger, the Secretary of HEW, explain that we have enough medical schools—they are just 'overapplied for'? The Lincolns and Jeffersons and Washingtons and Wilsons didn't use jargon: they found ways of eloquence. 'Make the world safe for democracy.' People can understand it. That doesn't turn the Franco regime into a democratic regime, as this crowd would."

Edward S. Herman, a professor of finance at the Wharton School, put together *The Great Society Dictionary* and *The Great Imperial Dictionary*, and translated Doublespeak into Singlespeak. "Urban renewal" was "Negro removal," "infiltration" was "their movement of troops into the battle zone," "reinforcement" was "our movement of troops into the battle zone." Vietnam talk led straight to Watergate language, and to all-time Orwellian award winner Ronald Ziegler, distinguished for his proclamation that "all previous White House statements about the Watergate case are inoperative." After the President's State of the Union address this year, Daniel Schorr of CBS reported that Mr. Nixon had avoided mentioning the negative income tax because his phrasemakers had not come up with a less negative name for it.

With scholarly discernment H. W. Fowler, in *Modern English Usage*, long ago identified a virus called Sociologese. Daniel Bell, professor of sociology at Harvard, sounded the tocsin for "sociological glossolalia" in an erudite study entitled "Sociodicy: A Guide to Modern Usage." Noam Chomsky sounded the anti-tocsin: "I sometimes think the whole function of the social sciences is to mystify trivial things by putting them into quasi-technical language." Henry A. Barnes, who served as transportation commissioner of New York City, produced a glossary of bureaucratic Western, including "doubtless" (unverified), "interesting fact" (drivel) and "universally recognized principle" (risky proposition).

"A society that cannot speak or understand sense is condemned to live nonsensically," says Prof. Richard Gam-

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bino, of Queens College and a member of the Doublespeak Committee. The committee believes in the curative powers of simplicity. To enforce Singlespeak it wields the instrument known as Occam's Razor, the rule in philosophy that entities must not be multiplied needlessly. H. L. Mencken pointed out that the American believes in raising the grandeur of his trade by elevating its name—landscape artist for gardener, podiatrist for chiropodist, which was earlier corn doctor. Evelyn Waugh in *The Loved One* and Jessica Mitford in *The American Way of Death* memorialized the verbal grandeur founded on corpses, and S. I. Hayakawa analyzed a word's "affective connotations"—"finest quality filet mignon" was another way of saying "first-class piece of dead cow."

Wesleyan's Richard M. Ohmann, a leading member of the Doublespeak Committee, has analyzed a language he calls Liberal. Speakers of Liberal keep their values tacit and remember that the indispensable word is "problem." "In Liberal," Prof. Ohmann noted, "one refers to the undesirable consequences of anything—selling arms to dictators, imprisoning dissenters, burning villages—as a problem."

Since he knows 25 languages, Prof. Roman Jakobson, who taught at Harvard, has isolated Doublespeaks all over the place. Talleyrand, he noted, said language exists to conceal true thought. Stanislavski passed out promptbooks with the dramatist's words at right—and at left what the dramatist meant. In *Kultura Yazyka (The Culture of Language)*, Grigory Vinokur analyzed what the Russians call "paper language" and what English teachers recognize as false phraseology, as in the sacred phrase "Our Great October Socialist Revolution." Why waste paper and ink? asked Vinokur. Was there really such a revolution that was not ours? Not great? Not socialist? What's left is "October Revolution," and—as Professor Jakobson noted—it wasn't even in October.

The Doublespeak Committee has not yet devised an infallible guide to the perplexed, or a weapon that would cut the enemy to the quick, simple word, but Prof. Neil Postman of New York University hopes to wound the enemy nonetheless. He proposes a kind of Watergate hearing every month—focusing on public language. Postman also suggests a number of crucial questions that anyone in danger of victimization should ask: 1) What does this mean in plain language? 2) What interests or

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causes are served by this statement? 3) What avenues do I have to verify the truth content of the statement? 4) Is it a religious statement to be taken on faith?

"A taste of truth is like a taste of blood," said Dwight Bolinger in his 1972 presidential address to the Linguistic Society of America. Noam Chomsky prescribed "honesty" as the antidote to Doublespeak and warned of an enemy—even more insidious than Doublespeak—which cloaks itself in silence and muffles its aims in secrecy. Nospeak does not yet have the English teachers aroused, but their silence may conceal the worst.

Israel Shenker

Jefferson: Man and President

Thomas Jefferson: An Intimate History by Fawn M. Brodie

(Norton; $12.50)

"Does a man's sexuality atrophy at 39, especially if he has already demonstrated that he was capable of very great passion?" asks Fawn Brodie about Thomas Jefferson, and answers that the supposedly aloof and lukewarm intellectual had two profoundly moving liaisons—first with 27-year-old, blonde and blue-eyed, married painter-musician Maria Cosway; and immediately afterward and for the rest of his life, with his 15-year-old, quadroon slave servant, Sally Hemings, half-sister of his dead wife. He had lived 10 deeply happy years with Martha Jefferson, through six difficult pregnancies, the last of them fatal, and, if tradition among the family slaves is to be accepted, she had exacted a deathbed promise from him that he would never marry again. Since then, charges Fawn Brodie, his male biographers have made themselves the vigilant guardians of that pledge, "suggesting that something is at work here that has little to do with scholarship."

The case for the Cosway involvement is built on the nuances, silences and omissions in their letters. Six weeks after their first meeting in Paris, while they are strolling along the Seine near the Place de la Concorde, Jefferson falls and dislocates his right wrist. Maria, alarmed at his condition, calls at his residence too late at night to gain admission. Two weeks without letters follow. Mrs. Brodie concludes that they didn't write because they were more often together. Then, when Jefferson learns that she is returning with her husband to London, he tosses so in his sleep that he aggravates the dislocation. After the parting, he feels "more dead than alive." There follows his famous "My Head and My Heart" letter, baring his struggle between prudence and passion. Where the male biographers have pronounced victory for the head, Mrs. Brodie finds in the language of love the triumph of the heart. Eleven months later Maria returns to Paris for three months without her husband. On the strength of one sentence in one of her letters, Mrs. Brodie concludes that they met often alone in Jefferson's home: "I hope Mr. Short will not be out as usual when I have the pleasure to come to you." By the time she returns to London, the affair has petered out, apparently because she desired a more committed lover willing to rescue her from an unhappy marriage.

Jefferson was now ripe for Sally Hemings, who had recently arrived as maid to his daughter, Patsy. Sally was beautiful, very light-skinned and rapidly blooming into womanhood, a link with his lost wife and a daily invitation to the miscegenation Southerners abhorred and practiced. There could never be any thought of marriage and there would never be any limitations on his political freedom. In his *Notes on the State of Virginia* he had described blacks as more "ardent" than whites and had repeated a canard that the orangutan prefer black women to their own species. Now, in a letter to Maria he described himself as "an animal of a warm climate, a mere Oran-ootan." His diary at this time contains eight usages of the word *mulatto* to describe scenery, as compared to only one in a previous journal. When he saw a painting of Sarah giving Hagar to Abraham, he wrote, "I would have agreed to have been Abraham though the consequence would have been that I would have been dead five or six thousand years." The consequence of Sally's stay in Paris was that she became pregnant. The child was born at Monticello and six more followed, all conceived when Jefferson was at home. One of them looked so much like the master of Monticello that at a distance, in the dusk, he could be taken for him. Four of them were light enough to be allowed to leave the plantation and pass for white. One of the darker ones, Madison Hemings, told the whole story of the Jefferson paternity to a newspaperman who published it on March 13, 1873 in the Ohio *Pike County Republican*. Mrs. Brodie accords it complete credence.

To all of which one can only conclude that it may well have been. But Fawn Brodie also applies the psychoanalytical techniques she so brilliantly demonstrated in her biography of Thaddeus Stevens to an analysis of Jefferson's emergence as a revolutionary, and there her conclusions turn out to be the most fragile. Jefferson saw his father, Peter, die at 14 and therefore was denied the normal experience of paternal confrontation. Mrs. Brodie speculates that the boy transferred the antagonism to his mother, Jane, toward whom he developed feelings of deep hostility. As a grown man he came to identify an idealized image of his father with American independence and nationhood, and the dependence on his mother with the shackles of British colonialism. The proof that is offered of Jefferson's attachment to his father is that he was inordinately proud of Peter Jefferson's accomplishment as a surveyor in constructing a map of western Virginia; that he remained forever grateful for his father's insistence that he be given a classical education; and that on his election to the presidency he exulted at having proved himself worthy of his forefathers. Evidence of hostility toward his mother is deduced from the fact that Jefferson never mentioned her in his correspondence, except to report her death without comment to his uncle; that in his autobiography he remarked cryptically of

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her family: "They trace their pedigree far back in England and Scotland, to which let every one ascribe the faith and merit he chooses"; and that he detested Marie Antoinette as another female sovereign, of whom he wrote, "I have ever believed, that had there been no Queen, there would have been no revolution."

The trouble with conclusions based on such scanty evidence is that they don't foreclose alternate hypotheses. In an article in the *Psychoanalytic Review* of January 1921, Harry Elmer Barnes suggested that Jefferson revered his mother and hated his father, a physical giant who, because of his tremendous strength, could be expected to be brutal to the "slight and pallid" youth. This resulted in an "anti-authority" complex that found expression in opposition to kings and to Federalists, and an accompanying sense of inferiority as seen in deviousness and suspiciousness of opponents and a preference for written as against oral communication. Barnes' interpretation died a deserved death, but until we have more facts about Jefferson's childhood, new explanations can be only provocative hypotheses.

And where does all this leave the battered picture of Jefferson's less than perfect record on civil liberties and race relations that the revisionist historians have served up for us in recent years? Brodie concedes the caveats, pleading only for sympathy with Jefferson's "psychosexual dilemma" and arguing that his intellectual legacy has paved the way for ultimate liberation of women and blacks. It's hard to give up an old friend.

Max M. Mintz

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

ISRAEL SHENKER, *feature writer for* The New York Times, *has recently published* Words and Their Masters *(Doubleday).* MAX M. MINTZ *is the author of* Gouverneur Morris and the American Revolution *(University of Oklahoma Press).* F. C. ROSENBERGER *is the editor of, among other books,* Jefferson Reader: A Treasury of Writings About Thomas Jefferson *(Dutton).* ARTHUR COOPER *is an associate editor of* Newsweek. MICHAEL TRUE *teaches English at Assumption College and is active in the Catholic Peace Fellowship.* JACKSON BOSWELL, *a fellow at the Folger Shakespeare Library, teaches English at the DC Teachers' College.* JOHN ALFRED AVANT *is a librarian at the Brooklyn Public Library and a free-lance critic.* J. BARRIE SHEPHERD *is minister of Westminster Presbyterian Church, Wooster, Ohio.*

Jefferson the President: Second Term, 1805-1809 by Dumas Malone

(Little, Brown; $14.50)

Prodigiously researched and felicitously written, Dumas Malone's multi-volume *Jefferson and His Time* is one of the great biographies of the 20th century. The work began with the ambitious publication in 1948 of *Jefferson the Virginian,* the first volume of the projected comprehensive biography that the author hoped would "seem reasonably commensurate with the achievements and the stature of the man" and that was then planned in four volumes and now in six. The fifth and next to the last volume, *Jefferson the President: Second Term,* brings Jefferson to the end of his long official career, and with its immediate predecessor, published four years ago, completes the story of his presidency.

As Malone remarked in *Jefferson the President: First Term, 1801-1805,* the presidency, when Jefferson's story merges with the history of the new nation, is the most complicated part of his career, a time when events, foreign and domestic, crowd in on the story of the central figure. But whatever the crowding events, a President's style and purpose, his character and the men he chooses to serve with him, stamp his era. Jefferson's purpose as President was wholly conscious, if not wholly successful, and his style was of a piece with his entire life. His most trusted advisers and friends were men of ability and integrity: Gallatin, Madison and Monroe. His purpose, as he expressed it in private correspondence and elsewhere, was to demonstrate in practice his passionately held belief that mankind is capable of self-government, and to show that the experiment of the American states in republican government, unique in the world, could be an example for all men in all places.

His style was that of the most cultivated mind of the republic, a chief magistrate who was also, as Malone wrote in the preceding volume, "the chief American patron of science and learning whose interest extended to everything that bore on human knowledge or well being and whose universality of spirit transcended all boundaries."

In his second term Jefferson's style and purpose were perhaps nowhere more happily joined than in his sponsorship of the transcontinental Lewis and Clark exploration. As the purchase of the vast Louisiana Territory in his first term had added an "empire for liberty" to the Union, so the expedition demonstrated that "at a time when the territory of the United States had only just been recognized by the British as extending to the Mississippi, his own vision extended to the Pacific."

The defection in Congress of the volatile John Randolph provided Jefferson's second term with a sharp critic, but Randolph succeeded neither in seriously weakening Jefferson's popular or congressional support nor in provoking a calamitous personal rivalry between Madison and Monroe, Jefferson's Secretary of State and his foreign minister, as his presidential successor.

The mysterious activities of the former Vice President Aaron Burr, whom Malone rightly calls "the most colorful adventurer of the era," and Burr's trial for treason presided over by Chief Justice John Marshall, attracted wide popular interest but is more important in legal history than otherwise. Jefferson himself assessed the episode with a good deal of sense in a private letter in which he wrote that "Burr's enterprise is the most extraordinary since the days of Don Quixot."

Far more serious were troubles that came from farther away. The British Orders in Council and Napoleon's Milan Decree posed threats that Jefferson and Congress met perhaps as well as could be, but not very well, with the policy of embargo.

These and dozens of other concerns of these crowded four years Malone illuminates with erudition and narrative skill. It would appear, though certainly it would be an impossible task, that Malone has read and evaluated everything of consequence ever written by or about Jefferson.

Early in 1809, a few days before the inauguration of James Madison as his successor, Jefferson wrote to his daughter: "I look with infinite joy to the moment when I shall be ultimately moored in the midst of my affections, and free to follow the pursuits of my choice." The reader will look forward to Malone's sixth and final volume that will follow Jefferson, always larger and more luminous than any office he held, to Monticello and retirement where, in Malone's words: "One of the most characteristic and fruitful periods of his life lay ahead of him."

F. C. Rosenberger

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Light on Dark

Lincoln Steffens
by Justin Kaplan
(Simon & Schuster; $9.95)

Today, Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward muckrake Nixon and Seymour Hersh muckrakes Vietnam and Jack Anderson muckrakes Big Government and Ralph Nader muckrakes Big Business. They are not only tough, but famous, worshipped as culture heroes, courted by TV talk shows. Today they are called investigative reporters, but of course they are spiritual descendants of that Grand Old Muckraker Lincoln Steffens, who during the first decade of this century legitimized investigative journalism with his hard-edged series of articles about the corruption of American cities (ironically the term muckraker was coined in a pejorative fashion by Teddy Roosevelt). Relevant Steffens surely is, and Justin Kaplan couldn't have picked a better time to dip his oar into the *zeitgeist*.

To speculate about muckraking is to realize its ineffectiveness. It fails because by definition and practice its emphasis is *ad hominem*—that corrupt and evil *men* are responsible for all injustice. By replacing wrongdoers with hopefully good men a complacent society comforts itself with an illusion of moral action rather than face the reality that what really stinks is inherent in its social, economic and political institutions. How much easier to replace a corrupt Treasury Secretary than to revise an economic system so wealth would be more equitably distributed.

Steffens knew this. He soured on muckraking after a decade as its leading practitioner, turning first to advocacy of reform measures, then to radicalism; he was, as Kaplan puts it, "a Christian anarchist who was coming to believe in revolutions but dreaded the thought of blood." Like many of his contemporaries Steffens admired the Soviet system, and after visiting Russia in 1919 he delivered his famous observation to Bernard Baruch: "I have been over into the future, and it works."

Not that Steffens was ever a calcified ideologue. He never joined the Communist party. Indeed he played a sort of ideological hopscotch that must have maddened the crowd of label-makers (he could, for example, support both Lenin and Mussolini). For Kaplan, Steffens represented "a thoroughly native tradition of grass-roots, homegrown, pragmatic radicalism that owed a great deal to personality, experience and accident, and hardly anything to ideology or systems of any sort."

A complex, quirky, questing, often wrongheaded man, sure enough. And Kaplan, whose superb earlier biography *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain* won a Pulitzer Prize in 1966, succeeds splendidly in exploring Steffens' politics and ideas and assessing his influence on his times (Walter Lippmann and John Reed were both admiring protégés).

And yet the book is somewhat disappointing: we don't really get a feel of the man, don't feel the crackle of a protean personality that not only galvanized Lippmann and Reed but made Steffens the resident guru at Mabel Dodge's "radical chic" salon and an intimate with Ezra Pound, Gertrude Stein and Ernest Hemingway. The fault, I think, lies less with Kaplan than with Steffens. He wasn't Twain; perhaps it is unfair to blame someone for not being a crotchety, quotable genius.

Dutifully Kaplan provides all essential information about Steffens. He was born to a wealthy father whose mercantile values he rejected and an English-born mother whose suffocating love nearly crippled him emotionally, and expensively educated first at Berkeley then in Europe, from where he returned to find a letter from his father containing a final $100 handout and an admonition to get a job. Understandably Kaplan draws heavily from Steffens' marvelous *Autobiography*, published in 1930, in which he revealed a knack for self-muckraking. What troubled Steffens was the "morality of success"—he felt there was something terribly immoral about sharply attacking a society, which turned right around and rewarded him with fame and a princely income for those attacks. Even back then America preferred to defuse dissent by institutionalizing it.

He further muckraked himself in order to understand his failure at what Pop-Psych calls "interpersonal relations," a flaw Kaplan attributes to the fact that from childhood Steffens "was loved more than he could love." "I can see through a government or a political situation," Steffens wrote, "but human relations are beyond my comprehension." To his childless first wife Josephine Bontecou, an Ibsen New Woman and aspiring novelist he met in Europe, Steffens considered himself "a dub" as

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husband and lover. Happily he escaped dubdom in 1923 when at the age of 56 he impregnated—and subsequently married—Ella Winter, a vivacious English woman in her early 20s.

There is no quarrel with Kaplan's sensible assessment of Steffens' career and significance. Not only was Steffens a paradigm of the adversary mode of journalism, he was also a prophet who "had predicted the arrival of a time when the customary 'political government' of the United States would give way to an agglomerate of special interests." We can almost hear Steffens chortling at us as he fondles a toy bomb in his pocket. Fusing ethical fervor and gritty realism, he sought determinedly to expose a society to itself. A noble impulse, that—even though Steffens learned early what the rest of us are now realizing: to shine a light on dark corners is to reveal only deeper darkness.

Arthur Cooper

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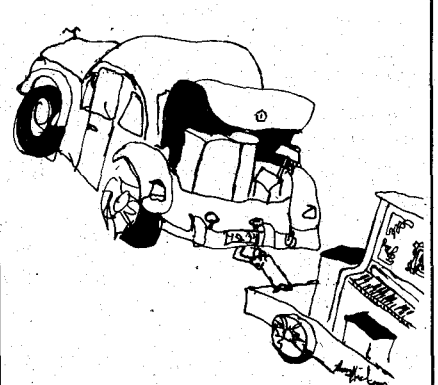

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Too Few Too Late

Lost Chance in China: The World War II Dispatches of John S. Service

(Random House; $10)

One of our great misfortunes is that US policy-makers lacked the counsel in the field of China relations that they had in Soviet affairs from specialists like George Kennan and Charles Bohlen. Expertise on China a quarter-century ago might have sent Harry Truman or Dwight Eisenhower rather than Richard Nixon to Peking, and, as a consequence, it might have helped us to avert involvement in Korea as well as the futile commitment to Vietnam that still continues. An understanding of peasant revolution in Asia would also have contributed to a broader appreciation of popular forces at work throughout the so-called Third World and steered us away from our present tendency to neglect our interdependent links with the developing countries.

The tragic irony in all this is that we did in fact have the authorities on China who could have advised alternate strategies to those we pursued. They were John Carter Vincent, O. Edmund Clubb, John Paton Davies, George Atcheson, Raymond P. Ludden, Edward Rice and John Stewart Service. Potential Kennans and Bohlens, they were sacrificed during the McCarthy era upon an altar of domestic political fear and expediency. Only today do those who joined in vilifying them a quarter-century ago, Mr. Nixon included, realize their prescience.

Service was not the most intellectual of the group, but the range of his experience was extraordinary. Born in the Szechwan province capital of Chengtu, the son of missionaries, he became intimately acquainted with both ordinary and elite Chinese. During World War II he served first as a reporting officer at the US Embassy in Chungking, the wartime capital of Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalists, and later as the State Department representative on the Dixie Mission assigned to Yenan, the Communist headquarters in North China. Not content with these jobs, he wandered the Chinese countryside, interviewing local officials, observing soldiers, listening to the people. He inundated Washington with dispatches on what he saw and heard and smelled, and these documents, assembled for the first time in a volume brilliantly edited by Joseph W. Esherick, once again dramatize the stupidity of our China policy for so many years.

Service described in detail the yearning of the Chinese for a minimum of social justice and the unwillingness of the corrupt cliques around Chiang to satisfy those longings. He forecast the victory of the Communists, not because he supported their cause as his inquisitors would later claim, but because they were disciplined, organized, purposeful, and, above all, poised to fill the political vacuum that the defeated Japanese would leave following their destruction of the fragile Nationalist government structure.

Among the most fascinating dispatches in the book is an account of a conversation that Service had with Mao Tse-tung in 1944. Mao, afterward to become the devil incarnate throughout the US, told Service that China could only industrialize "by free enterprise and with the aid of foreign capital," and, calling for US investment, he added that "even the most conservative American businessman can find nothing in our program to take exception to." Mao suggested as well that US forces be deployed in China, partly to restrain his Nationalist enemies and also, as he put it:

> *Every American soldier in China should be a walking and talking advertisement for democracy. He ought to talk it to every Chinese he meets. American officers ought to talk it to Chinese officers. After all, we Chinese consider you Americans the ideal of democracy.*

With Mao appealing for closer ties with the US and Chiang in those days considering a deal with the Soviet Union as a way of blackmailing Washington, it is interesting to reflect on what might have happened had we pursued a more realistic course. We could have stood back and treated the Communists and Nationalists with equal impartiality, then sensibly come to terms with the party that emerged on top. Service promoted this approach. In a memorandum written in February 1945, he pointed out that China was bigger than Chiang Kai-shek and proposed that the US adopt a policy there similar to Churchill's toward Yugoslavia: "The

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sanest and safest course for us to follow is to judge all parties and factions dispassionately . . . This is not a time for ideological preferences." When US Ambassador Patrick J. Hurley, an ardent Chiang admirer, saw that memo he exploded that he would "get that SOB if it's the last thing I do."

He did. After returning to the US, Service was arrested for injudiciously passing documents to *Amerasia*, a leftist magazine. A grand jury unanimously voted against his indictment, and a State Department board cleared him of disloyalty charges for five years in a row. But largely as a result of Hurley's initiative, Service was assailed in the right-wing press as being "openly sympathetic" to the Communists. As the Red scare escalated under McCarthy he was one of those who "lost China." The State Department dismissed him and not until 1957 did he win his case in the Supreme Court. Last year, with the Sino-American atmosphere changed, Service and the other China specialists victimized in the early 1950s were honored at the State Department. Homage was paid to their excellence, but the plaudits came a generation too late.

Stanley Karnow

Verbal Display

Lights on in the House of the Dead

(Doubleday; $7.95)

Prison Poems by Daniel Berrigan

(Unicorn Press; $3.95)

It is hard to be neutral about Daniel Berrigan. He has been the subject of irate discussion during the past few months. Reactions to his speech on the Middle East last October in Washington, DC, at a meeting of the Association of Arab University Graduates, brought on a wave of attacks. A liberal columnist in *Commonweal* and a rabbi, in a kind of ecumenical backlash, called Berrigan "anti-Semitic."

Whatever one's attitude on this complex matter, it is useful to view the two books under discussion here with it in mind. They are records—in prose and verse—from an earlier time: the 18-month period, August 1970-February 1972, during which Daniel Berrigan served a residency as "a Federal Fellow at the Correctional Institute in Danbury, Connecticut."

Berrigan has searched for some years for the proper literary medium to tell his life story. He has produced 14 books of prose, including an effective and successful experiment in "factual theater," *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine*, and eight books of poetry, including *Time Without Number*, which received the Lamont Poetry Prize in 1957. His characteristic writing style is highly metaphysical, and not always appropriate to the basic lessons in morality and politics that he offers to teach. It makes use of extravagant metaphor and wit, hyperbole that often achieves confusion rather than clear thought. His skill as a writer showed itself best in older, short prose pieces, like his invitation to Catonsville during the time of the trial; his letter to the Weathermen while he was underground, or, in the present prose volume, "Acknowledgements and Dedication, Sort Of"; letters to his brother Jesuits, and other occasional pieces where he seems to have a particular audience well in mind.

Frequently the prose is hard to read—rhetorical displays that serve no useful purpose. An example: "In a sense, one cannot even hope to prepare his soul for what may well happen. I think even the word 'prepare' has something bourgeois 'householding' about it; but the soul is not a Dutch kitchen scrubbed up for a ritual sabbath. It is a cave of winds, source and sender of storms—whose walls have vanished; it is the world itself." This reflection follows quick upon a very moving passage about the loss of trust in human relationships, comparing his own and others' experience in contemporary America with Nadezhda Mandelstam's in Stalinist Russia.

But, one might argue, this is a diary, written on the run, often with the knowledge that it might be destroyed, stolen, or appropriated as evidence by the FBI. And isn't the message, after all, important enough that the reader should forget about the usual literary questions and get on with the work at hand? Perhaps. Yet sympathetic as I am to Daniel Berrigan, teacher of a generation of passive resistors, and to his book as one kind of record of the Danbury experience, I wish it were better as a literary work. As a reader I need some help, some way of participating in the experience, rather than this account in which he rarely reveals any concrete detail about himself or others. Passages like the one quoted above are "mere rhetoric," lacking significant details. In many of the diary commentaries on conversations with prisoners, the reader waits for important facts, the size, shape, distinctive characteristic of the people one hears about, but seldom sees. Berrigan seems too impatient, too concerned with message and thus careless about his listener, too hurried, so he fails to respond with so much as a nod to the reader before moving on.

The problem is one of distance in the prose, distance from people, from time, as if the speaker in his diary lived in a world beyond. Perhaps it is the voice of the prophet, of one who sees what no one else sees, hears what no one else hears. But how can I be sure? Maybe it's only that detached, unworldly voice of the Sunday sermon, the newspaper editorial, the government document, the college catalog—the "we" of the

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papal bull. Why should I, as reader, trust the voice when it shows so fragile a link with my world, my time, when it speaks in such a stilted way about the ordinary person's wish for common things, when it shows so little sense of other people involved, either in the American past or the antiwar present, in common struggle?

It is the *voice*, after all, in prose that the reader must trust before he can take on the heavy message of the writer as prophet. In this, one cannot help but compare Daniel's account with his brother's, since both deal with roughly the same time span. In Philip Berrigan's *Widen the Prison Gates*, one finds all the details that one misses in *Lights on in the House of the Dead*—people named, conditions described, the hard, patient facts of day-to-day existence in prison: the struggle to survive the harassment of the screws, the betrayal of the media, the gossipy and empty concern of the public.

Daniel Berrigan is not patient enough in prose to let the dogged and simple facts, the natural shape of things, speak for themselves. He intrudes on them, wearying us with the snap, crackle, pop of verbal display. As a prose writer he needs a good dose of Orwell.

The poems are another matter. They are the best poems of his career, frequently brief lyrics, where the telling metaphor brings the event to life, tuned to the music of natural speech. In "Flowers in Spite of All," for example, the speaker announces the approach of a spring day in the prison yard and, at the end of the poem, the approach of night:

The day falls like a guillotine.
Man dies like Orpheus among flowers.

Elsewhere he praises a skunk, vagrant inside the prison walls:

O skunk, raise
against lawnorder, your grandiose
geysering stinking NO!

In "O Danbury, To What Shall I Compare Thee?" the prisoner sings in resistance, in joy, in self-mockery:

I scrawl this, lights out, at a
barred window.
Snow filigrees the April green.
Before they lay their cotton-picking
paws on them
I'll eat these notes
alphabetize with good news
my prophetic guts.

Finally there is "My Father," an elegy of 500 lines, written during Holy Week 1971, which is, quite simply, one of the most beautiful extended lyrics in contemporary poetry.

Taken together these two books remind us of what Daniel Berrigan's war resistance cost him in physical illness and mental anguish. For this reason alone they are useful records, written for the same purpose that he "confessed or read or kept silent": to guard his sanity. In the poems, particularly, one gets a strong sense of the courage and talent he had for giving new life to plain moral truths, in word and in action, at Catonsville and from prison.

Michael True

A Great Mover

Sir Walter Ralegh by Robert Lacey

(Atheneum; $10.95)

Sing, O Muse, of Ralegh, beloved of Majesty, plunging his lust into the body of a new world . . . Sing, O Muse and say, there is a spirit that is searching through America for Ralegh, in the earth, the air, the waters, up and down, for Ralegh, that lost man.

William Carlos Williams
In the American Grain

Sir Walter Ralegh (to use the spelling he himself used most often), that paragon of Elizabethan elegance, Renaissance exuberance and intellectual ebullience, is remembered mostly in folk mythology as the perfect courtier who doffed his cape that the English Cleopatra might not soil her slippers. He is dreamy material for a biographer, for he was not only well born, well made and well connected but he had the capacity to make the most of his gifts. In an era of great movers and shakers, he knew nearly everybody worth knowing and managed to alter the course of history no little degree.

Having survived the inherent perils of life with three temperamental Tudor monarchs and finally become the mistress of her own fate, Elizabeth had maneuvered successfully to consolidate her position in the minds and hearts of her people and had mastered the twin arts of intrigue and diplomacy at home and abroad. Young Walter Ralegh came up to London from the West Country to make his fortune. Tender in years, he was nevertheless already a seasoned soldier, having served as a cadet in the Protestant cause in the bitter religious wars in France where he learned all too well the cruel lessons of Mars which were later used with fierce gusto in subduing the unruly Irish. Sinfully handsome, he parlayed his physical charms, impeccable manners and witty conversation into an enviable place at court. Between bouts with the Irish and dancing attendance on the queen, he educated himself by serious study and association with a hand-picked group of men who were thrusting back the frontiers of knowledge. He was furthermore a natural poet—one of those favored ones whose high moments are graced with a spontaneous overflow of rhyme, imagery and verbal fireworks. No mere amateur, he assumed serious responsibilities in the governance of England, fought bravely with his seafaring half-brothers, the famous Gilberts, to annihilate Spanish hegemony of the seas and establish England as an oceanic force. For all of which Elizabeth rewarded him with princely presents: precious jewels, broad estates, money-producing monopolies on various imports and exports, and more power.

Theirs was a curious relationship: Elizabeth's dicey family situation made her queasy about marriage, and pragmatic Sir Walter had seen too many break their hearts on the adamantine maidenhead of the Virgin Queen. He instead played the courting game with Gloriana while gathering rosebuds in other gardens. John Aubrey's contemporary gossip about Ralegh's amorous exploits makes juicy reading even today. Having backed a willing lady-in-waiting up against a tree, he prepared to board her. She, in modesty and fearful for her honor, protested: "Sweet Sir Walter, what do you me ask? Will you undo me? Nay, sweet Sir Walter." As the danger and the delight increased, her cries waxed estatic: "Swissir, Swatter! Swisser, Swatter!" He pleasured many such, but beatific Bess Throckmorton, one of the queen's maids of honor, tamed the English Theseus, and at an age he should have known better, he contracted a secret marriage with one of the Elizabethan virgins. The

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queen, furious at the deception, banished both.

Deprived of power, Ralegh relished the quietude of country life and sublimated his longing for reconciliation with the queen with plans to harass Spanish shipping and rip off an occasional treasure trove. For this he needed a haven for his privateers near the theater of action; the broad bays and estuaries within the protection of the Outer Banks of present-day North Carolina served well. And there was always the possibility that rich mines might abound in this domain and that through the maze of waterways a short passage to the fabled opulence of the Orient might be found. Thomas Hariot's description of the flora and fauna of Virginia, as Elizabeth modestly named her new territories, and John White's delicate drawings of the natives in their gardens aroused Ralegh's farming instincts, and the idea of foreign plantations was thenceforward firmly fixed in his mind. He recruited colonists and sent them off with great expectations, but too much ethnocentrism in the group and too much egocentrism in the leadership predestined the doom of the enterprise. The death blow came when Elizabeth decreed that no ships might leave England in the face of the threat of the great armada launched by Philip of Spain. When fresh supplies and reinforcements finally arrived, the little band of intrepid adventurers had vanished without trace into the silent forest.

Ralegh was eventually reconciled with the aging queen, but in the meantime he had heard of a secret Spanish expedition in search of a city of gold in the South American jungles, and he gave the old girl no peace til she granted him permission to go off in quest of El Dorado. Through exotic rain forests and parklike savannahs teeming with strange specimens of the animal kingdom and gaudy-plummaged birds and gentle people, the enchanted Ralegh led his soldiers of fortune up the Orinoco. He found no gold, but collected samples of ore, prospected likely mine sites, and managed to bring most of his men back alive and healthy, no small feat in itself. Material for a best seller was the most he gained from his quixotic venture.

In the queen's declining years, Ralegh's popularity plummeted. His gold-hunting expeditions had lost investors' money, his monopolies irritated the merchants, and his pride and ambition excited envy among politicians. Stead-

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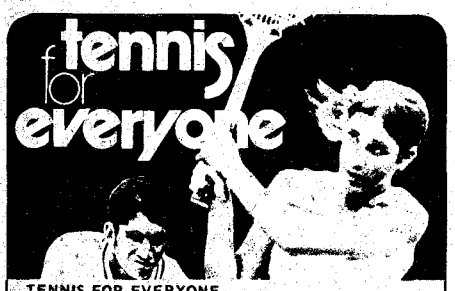
fastly loyal to Elizabeth, Ralegh ignored any potential personal dangers incident to the queen's demise and declined to toady to James of Scotland, the heir presumptive. Others were not so careless, and while taking care to feather their own nests, they plucked Ralegh's reputation apart. When James VI of Scotland became James I of England, Ralegh was a marked man.

Querulous, cantankerous, opinionated and paranoid, James Stuart soon found means to charge Ralegh with treason and clap him in the tower. For 12 long years he languished there but kept up his spirits by writing a history of the world and conducting scientific experiments. Watching Sir Walter take his constitutional on the tower walls became something of a popular pastime. While in Ireland, Sir Walter must have kissed the Blarney Stone, for he was finally able to persuade King James that El Dorado was no idle dream. By promising a mountain of gold, he was permitted to fly the gilded cage but loaded with so many restrictions failure was foreordained. All his fatal character flaws came out to plague poor Ralegh, and bad luck dogged him at every turn of the venture. His elder son and namesake was killed, illness decimated the troops, lieutenants disobeyed his commands and ignored the king's curbs; in brief, all was havoc. Instead of fleeing to safety in France, he went home to face the music like a man in order that friends who had posted bond for him might not lose that as well as their investment in elusive El Dorado. Little in his glittering life became Ralegh so well as his departure from it; with serene faith and irrepressible wit he confronted death without flinching.

The art of popular biography is—at least in part—the ability to resist the temptation merely to tell a good story. Boswell's *Life of Johnson* showed its validity as an art form and set the standard for all future biographers. Of modern practitioners who cultivate the rich lore of Tudor-Stuart personalities, Catherine Drinker Bowen's lives of Sir Francis Bacon and Lord Justice Coke prove the vitality of the traditional mode and demonstrate afresh the kinship of our age with the dawn of modernism, the early 17th century; meanwhile, in a different mood, George Garrett's *Death of the Fox* (Ralegh) and Muriel Rukeyser's *Traces of Thomas Hariot* re-create a pair of Tudor-Stuart luminaries in an impressionistic celebration of style. In this handsomely produced work, Robert Lacey has chosen the traditionary pattern he used in the enthusiastically received *Essex*. The writing is lucid, the research thorough, the result admirable. Sir Walter has been well served by Robert Lacey.

Jackson C. Boswell



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Women and Film

From Reverence to Rape by Molly Haskell

(Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $6.95)

Often bright and lively in her *Village Voice* movie reviews, Molly Haskell obviously knows and loves movies, which gives her a good reason to write about them. The hundreds of movie references in *From Reverence to Rape*, subtitled, "The Treatment of Women in the Movies," come easily; there's no strain as she moves in and out of different movie eras. We do feel a strain, however, in her trying to do a book rather than a column. She's too repetitive, her prose is so convoluted and the book's structure so unwieldy that it's a struggle to get at what she's saying; her ideas are often buried under jargon.

There is authority in Haskell's movie writing, and sections of the book stand by themselves. But even at her best—as she is on Bette Davis, Ingmar Bergman, *Last Tango in Paris*, portions of Jean Renoir's career—she doesn't unify her material. Writing about how the mov-

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ies of different periods reflected changes in our culture's attitude toward women, her generalizations are fuzzy, her examples inadequate. Though she exposes some movie-makers' limited conceptions of women, her own conceptions can be just as limited.

Haskell leaves no room for argument in her insistence that women are erotically attracted to men only after they have been spiritually attracted. You'd think that no intelligent woman had ever wanted to go to bed with a man primarily because he was sexy. Physicality can work both ways. Haskell not only makes woman's spirituality axiomatic, she also thinks that the norm is for a woman to turn man's gross desires into something higher. The ultimate goal is monogamy, "the challenge of another human being, of someone different but equal, in a love that relishes separateness, grown stronger with resistance, and, in the maturity of admitting dependence, acknowledges its own mortality." At one level this can be another form of gamesmanship; and in some ways it's an expression of the halo that the best of the new women's writing is trying to knock down. To Haskell a movie with a promiscuous woman character degrades all women; but if the movie is directed by one of her favorites, she justifies it with *auteurist* critical language.

Put at its simplest, the *auteur* theory of movies centers on studio directors; to *auteurist* critics their cult directors (Hitchcock, Hawks, Sternberg, Cukor) produce only major works. In America *auteurism* receives its fullest expression in the *Village Voice*, where Andrew Sarris is its leading exponent. Strict *auteurists*, like Sarris and, to a great extent, Haskell, adhere to a party line when it comes to their heroes, intellectualizing the least likely movies; in Haskell's criticism one can feel a break in her sensibility when she begins spouting the party program. In *From Reverence to Rape* most of the movies that have been good to women turn out to be products of directors who are high in *auteurist* rankings. The '30s, for example, are seen largely in terms of Sternberg, Lubitsch and Hawks. These men did indeed make wonderful entertainment, and some of their movies are better than that. But to write about the characters of Hawks' *Bringing Up Baby* and *Only Angels Have Wings* that they "dance the screwball dance on a precipice as steep as the Cliffs of Dover in *King Lear*" is simply *auteurist* sloganism.

As the decades pass, Haskell's precipices get steeper. A key women's film of the '50s, she says, is the Jane Wyman-Rock Hudson *All That Heaven Allows* (directed by Douglas Sirk, another *auteur* critic's favorite), although "some people may prefer the more discreet Sirk in *There's Always Tomorrow* or even in the more skeptical *Imitation of Life*, with its quartet of women embodying the spectrum of female relationships." These movies, especially *Imitation of Life*, are so excessive that they make the better afternoon TV soaps seem restrained; but Haskell finds the tear-jerking excessiveness meaningful. "Sirk . . . withheld nothing—magical coincidences, heavenly choirs, Christmas card landscapes, roaring fires and sparkling eyes—to evoke the inner light that draws his characters to their individual destinies."

To connect these concoctions, powerful though they are, with movie art is folly. To connect them with the women's movement, as Haskell does by implication, compounds the folly. *From Reverence to Rape* is a hybrid, an *auteurist* movie history with feminism grafted on. And, although Haskell uses some of the new feminist language, her book isn't really interested in feminism. Like most feminists and serious moviegoers, she is appalled at the screen treatment women are now getting, but she longs for the good old days of spiritual uplift, when the big studios were at their peak and women were glamorized into goddesses. You feel an intelligence behind Haskell's absurdities, but she seems to have written her book because there is a market for a book on women in films, not because she has reached the point where she has something to say.

John Alfred Avant

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Doris Grumbach

Not even a zealous literary editor can keep up with the book production of Andrew M. Greeley. One is always tempted to say "He writes too often and too much," and dismiss his avalanche of books in that way. But the fact is, he is a man of enormous energy and resources, in addition to possessing a fertile, interesting mind. So whatever he does makes itself noticeable; to wit, his book earlier this year called **American Politics in the 70s** (New Viewpoints; $12.50, $4.95 paper). The most intriguing sections of this analysis deal with ethnics, a subject that may seem to some readers to belong exclusively to Michael Novak. Here Greeley, using the methodology and data of his sociological research, concludes that blacks are "relatively satisfied with American society" (but not as satisfied as whites), that "the white ethnic component of the old Democratic coalition is not made up of bigoted hard-hatted white racists . . . it is sympathetic to reform," and further, that without its support there will *be* no reform in the US. His solution to the future of American politics is "to rehabilitate and reactivate the reformist Democratic coalition inaugurated by Franklin Roosevelt." More immediately, he suggests a reconstructed liberal Democratic coalition led by Sen. Edward Kennedy or "someone who stands for the same combination of liberal values and political skills for which his brothers stood." Greeley wants, not change, certainly not reform, but *return* to the immediate ideals of the Kennedy past, and he makes no apologies for his stand. A forthright, hat-in-the-ring, always interesting analysis, for which you pay your money and you take your choice.

If you are slowly recovering from the winter doldrums and need to be moved forcibly out of the dull place you are in, I can do no more for you than to recommend you read at once a book that appears this week, **Alive: The Story of the Andes Survivors**, by Piers Paul Read (Lippincott; $10). Rarely have I come upon an "adventure" book so well written, so that even if the subject matter, the miraculous survival in the Andes, through a terrible winter, of the 16 victims of an airplane crash, did not

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of itself compel your interest, the manner of telling would. Of course there is the added spice, the fact that they survived only because they ate the bodies of the dead that lay frozen and unburied around them; but this is not a matter that will cause you revulsion. Quite the contrary. These scrupulous, sensitive-conscienced young rugby players, all Uruguayans, all Catholics, debated the moral issues involved in their survival, and endlessly discussed what God's will for them might be. One striking acceptance of the food they had to eat lay in the parallel someone drew between the sacrament of the Eucharist, and what they did. The whole event is treated here with such exquisite taste that no one will come away unmoved by the book, and no one will be able to put it down until the agonizing 70 days are over, and help finally is procured. Under such extreme conditions, characters develop or disintegrate, men become more, or less, "human," life takes on shapes and forms unthought of before. Read makes all these changes vivid, significant, understandable. There is no way of reading *Alive* without a heightened sense of one's own life and its value.

Renderings

Is it lawful
to pay taxes? Knifing
trifling terrier snatches at the heels
while the most god-awful murder
  hatches
crafty in the wheels of smooth despair.
Show me a coin.
Whose image does it wear?
Careful rabbi, never sharing
easy answers, ever further pressing
  questions
safely not to be examined
even in the private tomb of night.
Yet indictment in this very act
of bearing bony Caesar's visage
or any graven other
in the city holy to the Sinai pact.

Whose image lights
those thirty shiny coins
down in the velvet bag?
Whose copper frown warms
in your palm, deep in the loin,
place you secrete the best from harm,
until the dirty money, proper earned,
returned, can buy a discrete field of
  blood?
Whose alloy face can occupy
that steep and holiest of holy,
usurp the one majestic image
set when royal we formed man from
  mud,
pronounced him very good,
and sealed all
with the impress of approval?

Whose image on the coin,
in the palm, the bag,
the heart or groin?
Whose image? Seek it
at the core of him
who laughs with alabaster loves,
lets fly the temple doves,
turns tables toppling and stone tablets,
wines stale water into sparkling,
disrespectfully declines
to purchase death
with life,
and stretching arms for nails
wrenches all from grim Caesar,
and renders all to one.

J. BARRIE SHEPHERD

The Day of the Beloved by Harriet Ronken Lynton and Mohini Rajan (University of California Press; $10.95) provides the armchair traveler with another kind of remarkable journey, this one back in time to the years 1869-1911, to the city of Hyderabad, and to the person of Mahbub Ali Pasha, ruler of a small Indian state, by right of long inheritance, the last to govern in the manner of an Oriental potentate. The authors have pulled off that difficult trick: they have made absorbing the day-by-day details of life in a strange place, under unique and different circumstances, all of them authoritative and feudal. Mahbub (his name means beloved, and he was), and the pyramid of nobles, ministers, professionals, government employees and craftsmen which he headed, ruled by means of a humane, unpredictable politics that commanded every aspect of their peoples' lives; the book is a detailed, scholarly social history of India during British rule. The lowest-caste persons do not appear in the narrative (the authors explain that although this is a book about people and not traditional history or biography, the poor are omitted because they "were not particularly influential in determining the tone of the society . . . as usual, extreme poverty was not productive of either longevity or legends.") Instructive and charming book.

Ever since my exposure to Sharon Curtin's book last spring, *Nobody Ever Died of Old Age* (Atlantic/Little, Brown), I have read whatever I could find on the subject of old age. Most recent addition to my shelf of ammunition against our inhuman treatment of elderly humans is **Dying in the Sun** by Donn Pearce (Charterhouse; $6.95). Pearce is the chap who wrote *Cool Hand Luke*, and his reason for writing this book is not entirely clear. He lives in Florida, the geographic locus for these horror stories, he is "broke, and still writing," which may all be reasons enough. He has accomplished his purpose of stunning the reader with his unrelenting accumulation of evidence of what it is like to be aging and aged: alone, poor, well-to-do, confined to bed, married, active, sitting, nursed, suicidal, hopeful, sick, despondent, all in the sun and surrounded by a society of peers, but there seems to be little order in this mountain of material, so the effect of reading it is like being bombarded indiscriminately by beebee shot. Make of it what you will—mostly you will weep and know why—it will tell you what you may well already know: that it is tragic to be old and that you escape it no better in the sun, although you may seem to.

Insignificant Items: Since its issuance in April 1973 the *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary* (eighth in the series), considered by its publisher, Merriam, to be "the most comprehensive dictionary of its kind ever published," has now sold well over one million copies, "an unparalleled achievement," according to president David Replogle, no man to shy away from superlatives. Well, I guess it is. There is, however, another million, this time in dollars, the amount said to be promised Norman Mailer for his not-yet-written new book. This strikes me as dreadful, an investment of such huge proportions by a publisher in a work that may or may not be worth it (I think of professional athletes who sign enormous contracts on the strength of a good year only to fail miserably in the year the money rolls in). But even if Mailer's book will be good, I think of the young, undersupported poets, novelists, short-story writers, the editors and critics on "little" magazines foundering on the edge of bankruptcy, all the persons who will be denied support because of the munificence of this advance to a writer who says his way of life demands that he earn hundreds of

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thousands of dollars a year. The sum may go a long way toward keeping him out of alimony court, but it would go much further if applied against the future of American letters.

Finally this lovely note: Carvel Collins has been signed by his publisher, Farrar, Straus and Giroux, to write the *unauthorized* biography of William Faulkner, now that the authorized one by Joseph Blotner (*TNR*, March 23, 1974) has appeared. In an unparalleled piece of alphonse-and-gaston politeness, it is announced that Collins' book "has long been delayed to permit the biography authorized by Faulkner's heirs to appear first."

Capsule reviews of fiction from my indefatigable novel reader, RB:

A Fearful Symmetry, by David E. Fiske (Doubleday; $6.95)

Becky is an education major. Just before finals, she visits her male professors during conference hours, drops the single garment she is wearing, and barters her body for As. She is well on the way to Phi Beta Kappa except for Henry Keller, a middle-aged academic. Not long after, he picks her up on the New Jersey turnpike, near aromatic Secaucus, and discovers she is an excellent exam taker. Forgotten, almost, are his children, wife and geology projects. However the affair veers into heavy melodrama when he learns that Becky is a heroin junkie and the mistress of an unbelievable, satanic young actor. Horrors multiply like tabloid headlines. The characters are fettered by gratuitous Freudian bonds and a devotion to Brahms whose recordings serve as background to omelettes and orgasms. The fiction ends with the lady truly lost and the professor returned to his academic slides.

Breathless Devotions, by Anthony Delano (Harper & Row; $6.95)

The title of this novel should be considered a warning rather than an invitation. Its carbonated prose demands excessive suspension of disbelief and willingness to mistake slapstick for wit. The heroine, Anatolia, a tireless seductress, leaves the Khedive's harem in Egypt when impregnated by any one of three dignitaries in the British navy. Thereafter the action weaves between her out-of-character Marxist plots and her son's twin ambitions of jettisoning his virginity and becoming a commanding sea officer. Their adventures are as gripping as a child's wet palm. However Delano's recreation of British colonial and naval policies from the 1880s through the Boxer Rebellion is genuinely interesting. He has a veteran newspaperman's ability to select facts and record them cogently. Hopefully, in his next work, he will emphasize historicity and eschew farce.

The Glorious Ones, by Francine Prose (Atheneum; $6.95)

Prose received critical acclaim for her first novel *Judah the Pious*. But this second is underwhelming. It is a "novella quasi una fantasia" concerned with a troupe of 17th-century *commedia dell'arte* actors who perform mainly in Venice. There are seven short stories about Flaminio Scala, director of the Glorious Ones, which are recounted by different members of the group. Interwoven are significant parts of their personal lives. Little is inventive either in the characterization or evocation of the era. The style is like drawn brocades that are lavish but not fresh enough to prevent sneezing. In the distance are the virtuoso sounds of an organ grinder. A journey into the past is not, automatically, a *"tour" de force.*

Kauffmann, *from page 20*

looks and sounds like a nervous shoe clerk; or Lois Chiles as Jordan, another cover-girl trying to be an actress; or Karen Black as Myrtle, a writhing gargoyle; or Sam Waterston who looks right enough as Nick but whose voice is stultifyingly boring. Since he does a great deal of voice-over narration, Waterston hurts the picture a great deal.

The script by Francis Ford Coppola turns Fitzgerald's suggestions into blatancies; for instance Nick is escorted into Gatsby's presence for their first meeting as if it were a scene out of *The Godfather* (by Coppola) instead of the original casual surprising encounter. Nelson Riddle's music is even more heavy-handed—in fact ridiculous. Douglas Slocombe's color photography, last encountered in *Jesus Christ Superstar*, is equally subtle here.

Much of all this must be accountable to the producer, David Merrick, but at least as much is accountable to Jack Clayton, the director. Clayton accepted the above collection of incompetencies and inadequacies, and he directed the wretched performances. He once made a good picture—*Room at the Top*, in 1961. How his undistinguished career since then led him to this job is one of movieland's higher mysteries. Besides the tinniness of ear he shows, he insists on an utterly inappropriate atmosphere of quasi-expressionist grotesquerie—sweaty faces, fish-eye lenses, Gatsby's parties as somewhat degenerate debauches—an atmosphere that stupidly controverts the reticence of Fitzgerald's novel. To make it all just a little worse, Clayton slam-slam-slams an enormous number of enormous close-ups at us, quite pointlessly, which is rather as if a composer worked steadily in loud chords.

In sum this picture is a total failure of every requisite sensibility. A long, slow, sickening bore. For me *Gatsby* on film is my memory of Warner Baxter in the 1926 version, floating on his deserted pool in a moment of lonely autumnal melancholy just before he is shot.

Personals

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